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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

REVIEWS.

The Public and Domestic Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. By Peter Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

DAVID HUME, in a letter to Adam Smith, dated from London in April, 1759, spoke of "Burke, an Irish gentleman, who wrote lately a very pretty treatise on the Sublime." A few years after, when the Marquis of Rockingham became prime minister for the first time, he appointed Burke his private secretary. The Duke of Newcastle, who had accepted office as Lord Privy Seal, hearing of the nomination, hurried to the Premier, and urged him to be on his guard against this adventurer, whose name was O'Bourke, and whom his grace understood to be a wild Irishman, a Jacobite, a Papist, and a concealed Jesuit. Such are among the earliest glimpses of the public life of one whose name occupies so conspicuous a place in the records of English history. It was through the generous friendship of Mr. Fitzherbert, an old and close ally of Dr. Johnson, that Burke was introduced to Lord Rockingham, and obtained a seat in Parliament in 1765. In his own country he had previously done the state some service. In 1761, when Lord Halifax was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, William Gerard Hamilton, 'Single-speech Hamilton,' was appointed chief secretary. To Hamilton, Burke was introduced by the good and patriotic Lord Charlemont, who having read with delight the 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' sought the acquaintance of its author, and became his patron and friend. As private secretary to Hamilton, Edmund Burke accompanied him to Dublin from London, where he had for some years been engaged in literary occupations. He had come over to keep his terms at the Temple, after finishing his university education at Trinity College, Dublin, being intended by his father for the bar. But legal studies had little attraction for his ardent and imaginative mind. From the drudgery customarily imposed on the law-student, Burke fled to what his biographer calls "the common and dangerous, but in his case very fortunate refuge, literature." The influence of a fellow-student and fellow-countryman, some years his senior, Arthur Murphy, the translator of Tacitus, confirmed his literary tendencies. It was his chief recreation in those days to go alone to the gallery of the House of Commons, and there to sit for hours with his mind entrapped in the scenes beneath him. "Some of these men," he remarked to a friend, "talk like Demosthenes and Cicero, and I feel when I am listening to them as if I were in Athens or Rome." The stage, then in its palmy days, was also a source of intellectual relaxation. The celebrated Peg Woffington took much notice of her young countryman, who was enamoured of her wit and accomplishments, and the charms of her manners, and the vivacity of her conversation. Scandal at the time alleged that he was enslaved by the beauty of her person also; but Burke's high-toned morality, and the fact of her being then somewhat *passée* and an invalid, forbid our believing that rumour. Whatever may have been the faults of poor Peg's early career, when at the age of twenty-two "she charmed the *belles* and bewitched the *beaux* of George the Second's time," her position in society had

long been such as to make her company be sought by whatever of intellect or worth was around her. Like Nell Gwynne, she had much womanly tenderness and generous kindness of heart, while her knowledge and wit, her liveliness and good sense, rendered her attractive in every circle. After her quarrel with Garrick, when she went back to Dublin, state looked at their convivial meetings for the society of Peg Woffington, and her admission into the Beef-steak Club shows how she was regarded by the rank and fashion and intellect of the day. When Burke knew her, it was after her return to London in 1756. Their acquaintance was of short duration, for declining health forced her soon after into retirement, and brought on her death early in 1760, in her thirty-ninth year. Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, in his monody to her memory, after describing her intellectual and her professional excellence, thus refers to her private life:—

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confined,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind;
Thy ears were ever open to distress,
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless,
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt.
Thy heart for others' sorrows prone to melt.
In vain did Envy point her scorpion sting,
In vain did Malice shake her blasting wing,
Each generous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
And cast o'er every fault oblivion's veil."

At the house of David Garrick, on Christmas-day, 1758, Burke first met at dinner Dr. Johnson. It was evident, from the conversation on that occasion, that the mutual respect was at once formed which the two great men retained through life. Johnson had already expressed in warm terms his admiration of the 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' which had appeared two years before. To Sir Joshua Reynolds and other distinguished men that work had also served as an introduction. Of more immediate utility was it in being the means of inducing Dodsley the publisher to enter into the suggestion for establishing the 'Annual Register,' which for several years continued to be carried on by Burke himself, or under his superintendence. With the exception of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' this is now the oldest of all English periodicals; and we quite agree with the biographer when he observes, that "a peculiar worth of the 'Annual Register' consists in the maintenance of that intellectual tone and fair spirit which Edmund Burke first gave it." Burke's departure from London with Gerard Hamilton interrupted for a time his regular literary pursuits, which were resumed in 1764, when he came to settle permanently in the metropolis. With the gallery of the House of Commons another scene now divided the attractive power over Burke's mind in his hours of recreation. At the Turk's Head tavern, in Gerrard-street, Soho, he used to meet with the men who, on the suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds to Dr. Johnson, formed themselves into what afterwards became the famous 'Literary Club.' With the early history of this social union every one is familiar, from Boswell's Johnson and other contemporary records, but we may give our author's brief and plain statement of its establishment:—

"In the February of 1764 was founded the celebrated social union first known as the Turk's Head, and afterwards called the Literary Club; Burke was one of its earliest members. The club originated in a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds to Dr. Johnson, who united in its formation. The members, at its establishment, besides the two founders and Burke, were Dr. Nugent, Burke's

father-in-law; Topham Beauclerk; Mr. Langton, a Lincolnshire squire and a distinguished favourite and friend of Johnson; Oliver Goldsmith; Mr. Chamier, a learned stockbroker; and Sir John Hawkins, a literary pretender, subsequently the executor and biographer of Johnson, and the writer of a History of Music. It had been Dr. Johnson's first intention that the association should consist of nine members only; but on the return from abroad of Mr. Samuel Dyer (subsequently supposed to be Junius), who had belonged to the old Ivy Lane Club, an exception was made in his favour, and he was also included. This gave rise to more extended admissions. Thus constituted, the club met every Friday evening at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho, at the early hour of seven; but it was generally late before the members parted, a concession made, it may be presumed, to the peculiar habits of Dr. Johnson, who seems to have been as little willing to go to bed as to leave it when once he was there. The conversation was miscellaneous, but for the most part literary, politics being rigorously excluded. In a short time the celebrity of the associates brought many applicants to join them."

In the beginning of 1766 Burke made his triumphant appearance as a Parliamentary speaker in the debates on the Repeal of the American Stamp Act. Macaulay, in his Essay on Chatham, says that "the House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn." Of his maiden speech, the biographer gives this spirited notice:—

"On the 14th January, the real business of the session commenced. Bills following the plan decided on were forthwith brought in by government. The Stamp Act was to disappear, but the omnipotent authority of Parliament was to be maintained. Intense interest attached to the debate that ensued in the Commons. It was no ordinary scene. Burke was prepared at the first opportunity to address the house. Pitt had come down from a sick bed to thunder forth the constitutional doctrine he would uphold. He was ready to support the Repeal Bill, but he would not allow that men's money should be taken without their concurrence. The Tory phalanx, with George Grenville and the brilliant Charles Townsend in front, urged their dogmas of absolute colonial vassalage. Many a member present had hopeful eyes on Burke. Dear friends of his sat in anxious expectation in the gallery. There might be observed the keen look of Arthur Murphy, and the good-humoured affectionate stare of Oliver Goldsmith. Johnson, no doubt, too, from what is handed down, impatiently awaited the result in a neighbouring tavern, with his heart for once upon the Whig side. Burke rose and addressed the House. The speech is not preserved, but the effect recorded tells what it was. The first shock of a fluid stream of philosophic oratory, sparkling with intellect and imagery, electrified the house. Language lavish in the riches of expression, and gorgeously metaphoric, with a roll of periods beautifully harmonious, and with thought accumulating upon thought—a union of sense and splendour such as cannot even now be read, repeated, or listened to without emotion, struck upon the astonished auditory with novel and marvellous sound. A murmur of applause burst forth: as Burke proceeded, it sank into the silence of attentive admiration. When he sat down, the aspirations of years of labour and study were realized; he had accomplished his reputation even beyond his fondest hope. Pitt, of soul too noble for any selfish hesitation, followed Burke in the debate, and instantly and warmly acknowledged the new orator's excellence; declared that the member for Wendover had left him but little to say, and congratulated the ministry on their valuable acquisition."

A few weeks after, Dr. Johnson, writing to his friend Bennet Langton, one of the original members of the Literary Club, says,—

"The club subsists; but we have the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in public business, in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his first appearance ever gained before. He made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder. Burke is a great man by nature, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness."

Johnson's confident anticipations were not disappointed. From that time Burke belonged to the political history of his country, and his name is mixed up with all the great events of the time, from the Repeal of the Stamp Act, down to the wars of the French Revolution. Of his public career it would be out of place to attempt any outline in this notice, and we merely give some specimens of the manner in which Mr. Peter Burke has performed what has evidently been to him a labour of love. Into the spirit of the scenes, literary as well as political, in which Burke occupied so conspicuous a place, his biographer enters with hearty sympathy, and his descriptions are often given with graphic effect. Very pleasing is the following account of Burke's friend and compatriot, Oliver Goldsmith:—

"Among those who hailed the dawn of Edmund Burke's brilliant day, no one came to him with more cordial congratulation—the fervid ebullition of a heart warm and loving to the core—than his former fellow-collegian and ever-devoted friend, poor, excellent, inimitable Oliver Goldsmith, who was then, as indeed he always was, scribbling for a bare existence from the London publishers—seeking life from those to whom he was about to give things immortal in exchange for daily bread. Strange does it now seem, when one reverts to Goldsmith, and finds him looked down upon by Johnson, Reynolds, Horace Walpole, Garrick, and other celebrities of his day. Johnson loved him, but treated him as he would a wayward and foolish schoolboy. Walpole tempered his admiration by calling him an inspired idiot. Posterity has done Goldsmith justice; for who dreams now of want of sound common sense and the sanest intellect in the author of 'The Deserted Village,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and that purest, most perfect of novels, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' where the writer, with fervid inspiration, rich imagination, and boundless fancy, makes beautifully rational the love of every domestic virtue, and instils into his reader the sweetest philosophy that ever warmed the heart of man? Poor Goldsmith! It was his perfect good-nature and utter want of selfishness, his boyish spirits, and his droll inconsiderateness, that made him appear to men, few of them his equals, none his superiors, as a person more simple and less sensible than he really was. His fond reliance upon others gave an additional semblance of weakness to his character; this confidence he often misplaced, but he showed his discernment when he enthusiastically fixed it on Johnson and Burke. Goldsmith thought them the greatest men in the world. He looked up to, and delighted in their society with all the earnest affection of a schoolboy, feeling something of the awe of school-hours in the presence of the Doctor, while all was pleasure and playtime in his association with Edmund Burke. Goldsmith's poetry presents one well-known and remarkable instance of how he appreciated Burke and Johnson. In the 'Haunch of Venison,' partially an imitation of the third satire of Boileau, when Goldsmith came to the French poet's line, announcing the non-arrival of the promised grand guests—

'Nous n'avons, m'a-t-il dit, ni Lambert ni Molière,
he put in place of the original names those of the
two supreme objects of his own admiration:—

'My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come.'

As a matter of course, the author-hip of Junius comes in for a due share of discussion, but we confess that for the present we are

thoroughly tired of this threadbare subject. More agreeable is it to us to refer to some of the literary incidents by which his political career was variegated:—

"Burke, however occupied, never slackened in his zeal towards the welfare of the Literary Club. He was a constant frequenter of it. In course of time, it received great accessions of genius and literature. Edward Gibbon, the historian, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Charles Fox, became members. Fox, strange to say, was generally mute in the company of Dr. Johnson, not from fear of his talents, but from a desire of information and instruction: he liked, he said, 'to listen and reap from the knowledge and experience of the old sage.' Gibbon did not shine in the club; he disliked Dr. Johnson, and did not enter freely into conversation when he was present. This dislodge partly arose from the great difference of their sentiments on religion. Johnson had no patience with unbelievers. Besides, he undervalued that species of literary labour in which Gibbon excelled, and had declared in his company that the greater part of what was called history was nothing but conjecture. Whether or not this was the cause, Gibbon was reserved in the club, and abstained from intellectual contests. When he did speak, his conversation was rather epigrammatic and sarcastic, than replete with the ability and learning which his works demonstrate. Johnson himself proposed Sheridan as a member, saying, when he recommended him, 'he who has written the best comedies of the age must be a considerable man.'

"Burke used to display his taste for general and classic punning at the club. One evening, speaking of the deanship of *Ferns*, which was then vacant, he said it must be *barren*, and that he believed there would be a contest for it between the two known divines, Dr. Heath and Dr. Moss. As to livings in general, he said, Horace described a good manor—

'Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines;
which he translated, 'There are a modus in the tithes and fixed fines.'

In the statesman's generous and opportune attention to Crabbe the poet, the finest features of his character are displayed, and we give the whole narrative as presented by the biographer:—

"George Crabbe, the future poet, the son of a humble custom-house officer, had for some years been struggling with the difficulties that too commonly beset the path of unfriended talent. His son tells us that when he had reached his twenty-seventh year, 'absolute want stared him in the face; a gaol seemed the only immediate refuge for his head; and the best he could hope for was, dismissing all his dreams of literary distinction, to find the means of daily bread in the capacity of druggist's assistant.' True it is that he had a poem almost ready for the press; but he had seen too much of the world not to know that he would stand but little chance of either fame or profit 'without the introductory prolat of some well-known and distinguished character.' But how was such an introduction to be obtained? He had few friends, none of sufficient influence to open for him the doors of the great or the eminent. In this dilemma he decided on appealing to Edmund Burke, a resolution that he would hardly have adopted if Burke's character had not been as manifest for humanity and generosity, as his genius was known to be colossal. In 1781, Crabbe addressed a letter to the statesman, and left it at his then residence in Charles-street, Westminster. That letter ran thus:—

"Sir,—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, sir, procure me pardon. I am one of those outcasts on the world who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

"Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed, and a better

than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic, but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only; I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

"Time, reflection, and want, have shewn me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light, and whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

"I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford, in consequence of which I asked his lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

"I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed proposals.

"I am afraid, sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude that during this time I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum, which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had; but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when, I am positively told, I must pay the money or prepare for a prison.

"You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement, and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

"Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

"I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow; and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses. My connexions, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune; and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unprofitably begun; in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it.

"I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant,

"GEORGE CRABBE."

"At the time of this letter—in 1781, as already stated—Mr. Burke was closely occupied. His time was absorbed in a sea of parliamentary business and trouble. It should also be remembered, that he was far from possessing affluence. Yet when he read the letter, he did not hesitate an instant. Stress upon his time, or narrowness of his fortune, must not check his bounty; the interview must be granted. He forthwith appointed an hour for Crabbe to call upon him; and the poor bard, who only the day before had his foot on the very brink of ruin, found himself all at once in the presence of one who must have appeared to him as an angel of succour. The meeting was momentous, not only for Crabbe's future welfare, but for the literature of this country. On that day, by that act of benevolence, Burke rescued and secured for England a poet whom not many have rivalled, very few excelled. A remarkable scene it was! The man of humanity receiving the man of misery,—charity the first impulse: but when Johnson and Goldsmith's friend—the author of 'The Sublime and Beautiful,' cast his eye over the sterling verse the needy hand tendered to him, the intellect of the scholar-statesman came into play. He saw directly that the distressed being before him was no common individual. He confessed his genius, while he comforted his sorrows; and from that hour Crabbe was a made man. Burke not only relieved his more pressing necessities, but domesticated him in his own house, introduced him to a large circle of noble and literary friends, afforded him the inestimable advantage of his critical advice, and having established his poetical reputation in the world, finally crowned the most ardent aspirations of his protégé by getting him admitted into the Church. This, as matters stood, was somewhat difficult to be brought to pass; Crabbe had never received a regular education, an impediment generally considered insuperable. Burke was well aware of this: but his was a zeal that nothing could chill when he had once taken up a cause; he exerted himself with Mr. Dudley North and Mr. Charles Long, and his influence being backed by theirs, he overcame the scruples of the Bishop of Norwich, and obtained his consent to Crabbe's ordination. This led to a living in the Church, and to Crabbe's subsequent happiness and prosperity. If there be aught that can be compared with the generous soul of Burke, it is the gratitude of the poet in preserving, as sacred, the record of these benefits conferred, and the manly frankness of his son in publishing it to the world. Crabbe was deserving of his patron; and that is the highest eulogy that can be pronounced upon him. Of Burke himself it may be said, that these deeds of charity, more even than his greatness, speak to his eternal honour, and make one easily accord with Abraham Shakleton, the son of his early friend, who, when Burke was near his death, wrote to him thus: 'the memory of Edmund Burke's philanthropic virtues will outlive the period when his shining political talents will cease to act. New fashions of political sentiment will exist, but philanthropy—*immortale manet.*'"

The account of Burke's kindness to Barry, the painter, is still more illustrative of his generosity; but Barry's strange conduct, than which there is nothing in poor Haydon's story more offensive, prevents our dwelling with pleasure on this part of the memoir. It is satisfactory, however, to add, that after Burke's death Barry always spoke in reverence of his memory, and in remorse at his own conduct. "The peace of God be for ever with Edmund Burke," he was once heard to say; "he was my first, my best, and my wisest friend." Of another painful part of Burke's life, his alienation from his once close political associate and warm friend, Charles James Fox, it is also satisfactory to find the closing scene radiant with noble and generous feeling on both sides:

"To the memorable credit of Charles James Fox, whose benevolent and manly nature was ever true to itself, the moment he heard of Burke's impending death, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Burke, couched in the kindest language, in which he wished his sentiments of grief and sympathy to be expressed to Mr. Burke. Mrs. Burke's reply acknowledged with gratitude Fox's attention, and conveyed the dying man's heartfelt pain that their friendship should have been so severed by what he deemed the strict observance of his duty. When Burke was no more, Fox was the first to propose that he should be interred, with public honours, in Westminster Abbey."

Burke died on the 9th July, 1797, being then in his sixty-eighth year. His general character is thus summed up by his biographer:—

"Such was the unsullied life, and such the dignified departure, of Edmund Burke—orator, statesman, writer, patriot, philanthropist—admirable; husband, father, relative, friend—admirable also. His conduct without vice; his bearing gallant unaffected, and courteous; his mind potent in the acquisition of all knowledge, and continually ready to impart it; his spirit inflexible in integrity, and intolerant of oppression; his heart copious in affections public and private, and his soul devoted to religion—with such attributes this great man realised, more than any other personage in history, a combination of the heroic qualities of classic Greece and Rome, with whatever was beautiful in the chivalry of modern and Christian Europe. That Burke always cherished this country and her happy constitution with the ardour and freshness of a bridal love, his whole existence, passed in the public service, sufficiently attests: that his views and his policy were right subsequent events now make it hard to dispute; and there can be as little doubt his memory will be honoured whilst this nation, its right feelings, and its prosperity endure. 'His immortality,' said Grattan, 'is that which is common to Cicero or to Bacon; that which can never be interrupted while there exists the beauty of order, or the love of virtue, and which can fear no death except what barbarity may impose on the globe.'"

The notices of the domestic and private life of Burke form a prominent and pleasing part of the memoir. Numerous anecdotes are told in illustration of his exemplary character, and his admirable conduct in various relations of life:—

"In town and country he was remarkable for hospitality—a hospitality of real benevolence: there was no parade of style, no ostentatious display of plate, no sumptuous entertainments; every thing was plain, substantial, and agreeable, with kind looks, kind manners, and a hearty welcome. He would often insist, when in London, on eight or ten of his associates going to his town home with him to eat mutton-chops or beef-steaks; and on such occasions, literally gave such dinners—dinners which, considering the zest of his company, few banquets could be found to excel.

"At Gregories, where the cheer was of course more in accordance with the dignity of the seat, he received his friends and admirers frequently and cordially. His house was the continual resort of rank, beauty, wit, and talent. In his domestic circle politics were readily laid aside. Various anecdotes represent the statesman entering with glee into the sports and pranks of the witty crowd around him; sharing earnestly in the games of schoolboys, and even listening to, or inventing with serious face, in the company of children, fairy adventures and infantine histories. He once observed to his friend Murphy, that 'Tom Thumb' and 'Jack the Giant Killer,' were both, 'from intrinsic merit, and from their popularity, fictions of no inferior stamp.' Of the interest he took in children of all classes the following anecdote is related. Burke being one day with a friend at a country fair, observed a lot of boys in front of a show of attractive aspect, looking on with eager

and longing countenances, but evidently with pockets too empty to enable them to penetrate into the interior. Burke forthwith went up to the showman, and agreed for the admission of the whole youthful crowd at his expense. On his friend asking him the reason of his strange proceeding, 'I could not,' he said, 'miss the opportunity of making so many urchins happy.'"

Many anecdotes of Burke's parliamentary appearances are recorded, of which these are specimens:—

"Many witty encounters would pass between Burke and Lord North in parliament. One night the prime minister, as he was often wont, was indulging himself in a profound nap. 'I hope,' said Burke, 'government is not defunct, but dozing (pointing to Lord North): Brother Lazarus is not dead, only *sleepeth*.' The laugh was loud on both sides of the house, and the noble lord himself seemed to enjoy the allusion as heartily as the rest as soon as he was sufficiently awake to conceive the cause of mirth. Lord North's own wit on another similar occasion was both excellent and ready. Whilst he was sleeping during a debate on America, an indignant member thundered forth a proposal for having him impeached. 'Alas!' said his Lordship, aroused from slumber by the noise, 'allow me at least the criminal's usual privilege—a night of rest before execution.' The general burst of laughter at once silenced the accuser."

The tone of public feeling, in the House as well as out of it, is much improved since the time when a profane and not very brilliant jest, like the first here reported, could be received with loud laughter. A far more happy allusion, and a less objectionable version of the story, or of what passed on a similar occasion, we have heard, in Burke's being described as pointing to the sleeping minister, and exclaiming—

"E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm!"

The well-known blunder of Burke's false quantity in the word *rectigal* is related:—

"In the course of his speech on economical reform, Burke, while enforcing on the minister, Lord North, the sage and valuable expression of Cicero—*Magnum rectigal est parcimonia*—spoke with a false quantity, pronouncing the second word *rectigal*. Lord North, in a low tone, corrected the error; when Burke, with admirable presence of mind, turned the slip to his own advantage. 'The noble lord,' said he, 'hints that I have erred in the quantity of a principal word in my quotation: I rejoice at it, because it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage;—and then he loudly repeated: '*Magnum rectigal est parcimonia.*'"

The spelling of the word *parcimonia* in this extract may be etymologically defended, though not according to common usage, and therefore it is not with any critical application, but as recalling an indefensible conversion of *c* and *s*, that we here cite an amusing incident from the life of Dr. Johnson:—

"A gentleman once told Dr. Johnson, that a friend of his, looking into the 'Dictionary' which the doctor had lately published, could not find the word *ocean*. 'Not find ocean!' exclaimed our lexicographer; 'sir, I doubt the veracity of your information.' He instantly stalked into his library; and opening the work with the utmost impatience, at last triumphantly put his finger upon the subject of research, adding, 'There, sir; there is *ocean*.' The gentleman was preparing to apologise for the mistake; but Dr. Johnson good-naturedly dismissed the subject, with 'Never mind it, sir; perhaps your friend spells *ocean* with an *S*.'"

If we have any fault to find with Mr. Peter Burke as a biographer, it is, that he is too indiscriminate in his praises of the subject of his memoir. He would make him out, for instance, to be not only the most philosophical

but the most popular and effective orator of his day. Goldsmith's lines in 'Retaliation' are described as mere badinage and meaningless pleasantries, and quite at variance with actual facts. Yet it stands on too good authority that the greatest of his orations were delivered almost to empty benches, and with all his wisdom and taste as a speaker he was greatly deficient in judgment and tact:—

"Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining;
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:—

In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and eat blocks with a razor."

Neither does the biographer think that the famous dagger scene was at all a violation of the orator's usual good taste, and he considers that "the dagger was produced too abruptly, perhaps, but not inappropriately." A sketch is given of the caricature by Gilray, the H.B. of these times, in which the attitude of Burke, and the dismay of Dundas, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, on the dagger being dashed on the ground, are ludicrously depicted. The illustrations throughout the book are of a superior kind, both in design and execution, and add to the interest of the volume.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Pye Smith, D.D., F.R.S. By John Medway. Jackson and Walford.

THE name of Dr. Pye Smith has long occupied a distinguished and honourable place both among theologians and men of science. His book 'On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science,' is justly considered a fine example of philosophical argument applied to the illustration and confirmation of revealed truth. In America, as well as in England, the work was hailed with the highest satisfaction. Professor Silliman said that he was "the first theologian who had appeared with all the qualifications necessary for the discussion of this great subject." Professor Hitchcock, in a letter to Dr. Smith, wrote thus: "I had long known you as the theologian and philologist, but never before as the accurate geologist." In this country the learned author's acquirements were better known; and among the names of those who, from personal knowledge, recommended him for the membership of the Royal Society, were Lyell, Buckland, and Sedgwick. His philological and theological works had long before obtained for him a distinguished reputation. 'The Scripture Testimony to the Messiah,' and the 'Discourses on the Atonement,' are standard treatises in theological literature. Of minor publications, few writers of the time have published a greater number; and when to his labours by the press and in the pulpit, we add the professorial charge which for fifty years he held at Homerton College, his public influence as well as his personal character deserved a memorial such as his biographer has now presented.

John Pye Smith was born, May 25th, 1774, at Sheffield. His father was a bookseller, and had a peculiar zeal for collecting choice and rare works of divinity, especially by the old English puritan writers. The son had little advantage of regular classical education, but by diligent study and the aid of friends he early acquired a respectable knowledge of literature. Some manuscript note-books, kept when he was from his twelfth to his sixteenth year, show the variety and originality of his studies:—

"Nearly the whole of one book for 1789, is occupied with Richard Bentley's emendations of Horace, placed side by side with the text as it stood before the critic's time. Two pages follow containing a 'list of the works of William Emerson, the Mathematician' and two or three more relating to the life of Dr. John Jortin, 'abridged from the 'Universal Magazine' for 1787.' Another book for the same year, and the last which we shall notice, begins with an account of some editions of 'Horace' copied from the 'Analytical Review,' for May, 1789; then there is a passage describing the way of getting admission to the Reading-Room of the British Museum; several pages follow from 'Blair's Lectures' and 'Knox's Essays,' on the characteristic qualities of the Greek and Latin authors; a list of books recommended by Dr. Cotton Mather is transcribed; this is followed by some curious quotations from the 'Disputations Theologicae' of the elder Voetius; and towards the close there is an index of some of the Homeric verbs, copied from Bowyer's 'Posthumous Tracts' already mentioned."

Some idea of the books at his command in early life may be formed, from the following passage of a letter to his father, dated Homerton, March 27th, 1810:—

"There was in your catalogue of 1795, a book which I should be very glad to have, and I think it is probably not sold. It is 3738, 'Carmen Tograi.' How glad I should be if 590, 'Erpenius,' be yet on the shelf. But I fear of this there is no hope. Also 596, 'Peritols.'—2119, 'Heineccius.' 3812, 'Schurman'—4061, 'Reland.' Anything in Arabic, or relating to that language."

In 1790, Pye Smith was bound apprentice to his father, and it was intended that he should devote himself to this branch of trade. While serving his time he greatly enlarged his acquaintance with sterling works. It was not till 1796 that his attention was seriously turned to preparation for the Christian ministry, in connexion with the Independents. At the commencement of the same year he had obtained some experience in editorial labours, and his name is here associated with that of the venerable poet, James Montgomery:—

"In January, 1796, Mr. James Montgomery, the Proprietor and Editor of the Sheffield 'Iris,' had to sustain an action for libel, which was tried at the Doncaster sessions. The matter charged as libellous had appeared in that Paper in the preceding August: in substance it was this. In a noisy demonstration of a multitude of people in the town of Sheffield, the Sheffield Volunteers were called out, by whom two men were killed. The Editor of the 'Iris' had the courage to intimate to his readers, that the Colonel of the Volunteers, in issuing the orders which led to this sacrifice of human life, had acted with greater precipitation than the case seemed to warrant; especially as the persons killed had taken no part in the so-called riotous proceeding, which the Volunteers were commanded to put down by force of arms. For giving utterance to this opinion, in a style which most persons at this day would deem humane, and therefore laudable, the Poet-Editor was sentenced to pay a fine of 30/-, and to be imprisoned for six months in York Castle.

"The 'Iris,' which had not long before come into Mr. Montgomery's hands, had to be carried on during his absence by some one who was thought competent to superintend both the editing and the printing; and who, moreover, would not shrink from the risk which might be involved in even a temporary connexion with an oppressed, and we may say, persecuted organ of public opinion:—a risk of no small magnitude in 1796, as compared with what it would be now. It must also be added, that as the paper was not at that time a very profitable concern, no motive for encountering either the risk or the labours of editorship, could have been suggested by any prospect of pecuniary gain. Just in these circumstances, the services of

John Pye Smith—whether asked or offered, we know not—were accepted; and from February 5th to August 5th he discharged the editorial duties. Such an office at that period did not, it is true, demand very large attainments; for those early papers, especially the provincial ones, drew upon books and upon other papers for their materials, to an extent which can scarcely fail to excite a smile as compared with the modern newspaper press. The correspondents of that day did a great deal towards filling the columns from week to week: they were often ceremoniously, and sometimes obsequiously polite; and some of them would indulge in pleasant allegories, often too feeble to be amusing, apparently with a view to catch the attention of readers half awakening out of a long sleep. But as the public mind has become more and more intelligent and energetic, the press has increased in power and influence; growing with the growth of the body politic, and in its turn largely aiding that growth:—like plants which as years roll on, are constantly enriching the soil by which their own luxuriance is increased."

Fifty-seven years afterwards, at a public dinner in the Music Hall at Sheffield, Mr. Montgomery thus alluded to his early acquaintance with Dr. Smith:—

"It was about fifty-seven years since he came to Sheffield, not knowing more than an individual by name. His earliest Christian friend in Sheffield, of this denomination [the Congregationalists] was John Pye Smith, now one of the most learned and distinguished of their ministers, but then a young man about his own age, in the establishment of his father. During six months in which he [Mr. Montgomery] was absent from home—[This allusion to Mr. Montgomery's second imprisonment was received with loud applause, the whole company rising]—John Pye Smith had the courage to step into his dangerous place, and conducted the 'Iris' to his entire satisfaction. From that period till Dr. Pye Smith's removal from Sheffield, their intercourse was frequent, but little of it related to politics, in which they incurred dangers that wiser heads might have avoided. In attending the meeting last night, he had been forcibly reminded that in those early days he occasionally accompanied his friend John Pye Smith in preaching expeditions to the villages, not to assist, but to enjoy the benefit of hearing his friend. He remembered that they went on one occasion to Laughton, where Mr. Smith preached in the morning in the house of a substantial farmer, and in the afternoon to a large congregation in the farmer's barn. He knew that this system of itinerancy in the villages had been maintained for many years after that time; but it was interesting to recall the early labours in this field of a man whose labours had made him so distinguished."

We pass over the chapters relating to his theological studies at Rotherham, his appointment as tutor at Homerton, in January, 1801, and his domestic troubles, the story of which the biographer judiciously compresses into a few pages, though they exerted for thirty years a painful influence on his character and pursuits. His first wife, it seems, was a shrew, not to be tamed nor managed by a calm and mild spirit like that of Pye Smith. When we remember how many greater men have suffered in the same way, there is little surprising in the statements which Mr. Medway, partly from personal observation, has deemed it necessary to make. Of more general interest is the account of his connexion with the 'Eclectic Review,' a periodical which, after nearly half a century, still retains much of the vigour and spirit of its early years:—

"Between the appearing of the first and second editions of the letters to Belsham, the 'Eclectic Review' was started; of which, as it was to be issued monthly, the first number came out in January, 1805. Whether Mr. Pye Smith took an active

part in the preliminary arrangements, cannot perhaps now be ascertained: the probability is that he did, both from his position and learning, and also from his being among the earliest contributors to the work. For some years after the commencement of the *Review*, it was conducted on a principle of compromise, which involved the maintenance of neutrality both on the points of difference between Churchmen and Dissenters, and on those also which separated the Wesleyan Body from other Nonconformists holding Calvinistic sentiments. From the very decided cast of Mr. Pye Smith's convictions on each of the subjects thus placed under an interdict, if he prepared articles for the *Electic* he would have to confine himself to works which did not touch either upon Ecclesiastical Polity or the controverted doctrines. And accordingly we find that while this compact lasted, his attention as a Reviewer was directed chiefly to Philology and Natural Philosophy, with an article occasionally on Biography."

Another important service to literature was the establishment of Mill Hill Grammar School, in which he bore a principal part:—

"The Protestant Dissenters' Grammar School, at Mill Hill, near Hendon, Middlesex, owes its formation in no small degree to the zeal of Mr. Pye Smith. With him the idea is understood to have originated, of an Institution intended to secure a first-rate classical and mathematical education, together with the most diligent attention to the moral and religious training of the pupils:—an idea which has been subsequently copied and carried out by the setting up of similar establishments in various parts of the country. The Institution, which was founded in 1807, was based on the Catholic principle, of including among its patrons and friends, good men of various Nonconformist denominations, who agreed in the principal doctrines of Christianity. The late Rev. Joseph Hughes, Dr. Waugh, Dr. Winter, and a number of gentlemen whose names will occur in a subsequent page, took an active part in setting forward this important design. But to none was the school indebted for a warmer interest, or for more untiring services of almost every kind, than to the Homerton Tutor. Besides his readiness to aid in every case of emergency, when difficulties occurred in the management, when new tutors were required, or when in later years a chaplain was appointed, his attendance at the quarterly examination of the scholars was kept up with an assiduity and perseverance, which must often have put to a severe test even his indomitable energy. The whole of one day and a part of two others, was consumed by this labour of love: and as the distance from Homerton to Mill Hill amounted to ten miles, it was at times with great personal toil, and perhaps some risk in the earlier years, that the journey to and fro was accomplished. Yet, as by the constancy of his attendance he could secure an accurate knowledge of the diligence and progress of the pupils from quarter to quarter, no ordinary impediment was allowed to keep him away."

During the same year the first of the many honorary distinctions which he afterwards enjoyed was conferred upon him:—

"A diploma of Doctor of Divinity was presented to him by Yale College, Newhaven, Connecticut. It bears date, Sept. 10, 1807, and has the signature of Timothy Dwight, who was at that time President of the College. The 'Letters to Belsham', secured for their author this mark of respect from one of the oldest of the American foundations for the advancement of piety and learning."

Of Dr. Pye Smith's theological works the greater part are too controversial or too professional to admit of being properly noticed in detail in this journal. But his book on Scripture and Geology was one of more general interest, and the biographer gives the following account of the reception it met with from the public:—

"Such was the unabating interest felt in the

Scrip. and Geol., that in little more than eight years four editions of the work were published, consisting in the whole of six thousand copies. To each of these editions the Author continued to annex illustrative notes, so as to bring down the facts not merely of geological discovery, but those of several other sciences, to the latest date. Besides many notes at the foot of the page which the *first* edition did not contain, the *fourth* had supplementary notes at the end of the volume, reaching to nearly double the length of those in the *first*. Thus while the Lectures were allowed to remain almost entirely the same as when they were delivered, the facts and principles unfolded in them were receiving constant accessions of evidence, illustration, and strength. Very much was done by the learned Author to supply in this part of the volume enough of geology to meet the wants and desires of beginners in that science;—and the best sources of instruction were pointed out for further progress: yet the most valuable purpose answered by the notes, was the opportunity which they afforded for accumulating proofs from a great variety of quarters, in support of those parts of the text which were thought by many the most vulnerable. Edition after edition came out, the one not a mere repetition of the other; but characterized by the clearest tokens of an incessant vigilance and determination, to sustain in all their integrity the original positions, which were therefore never like intrenchments suffered to go to decay, or which were merely kept up because they had once been established;—rather, the repeated pains bestowed upon them answered the double purpose of showing that they were not abandoned, and of rendering them more impregnable than ever. The author was not content with a mere repetition of the echo of the printing office; but as a living man who retained his convictions, he was earnest in supporting them, and was always ready to do his best to commend them to the scrutiny and reception of others."

A large edition of the work has also lately been issued by Mr. Bohn, in his Scientific Library, with a prefatory sketch of the literary life of the author. The work is too well known to require any allusion to it here, and its importance is rightly estimated by our leading geologists, most of whom have recorded their high admiration of the work, even when dissenting from particular statements or arguments. In our obituary notice of Dr. Pye Smith ('L. G.' 1851, p. 117) we briefly stated our own views of the merit of the work. Not long before his death a public entertainment was given to Dr. Pye Smith, on the occasion of his retirement from Homerton College, after having for fifty years held office as tutor, professor, and president. On this occasion one of the speeches was delivered by Dr. William Smith, who in a few sentences gave an admirable and truthful sketch of the character of their venerated guest:

"It was my privilege to be associated with Dr. Smith at Homerton some six or seven years; and he has always treated me with such affection, that he will be endeared to my heart as long as I live. I will not trust myself to refer to our private intercourse; but I cannot refrain from making a remark or two respecting his mental, moral, and religious endowments. Dr. Smith, it is true, is not possessed of those brighter attributes of genius, which have enabled men like Newton and Leibnitz to make great discoveries in science; but there are few men in the present day who have embraced a greater sphere of knowledge, or mastered a greater number of subjects: and, with the exception of the mathematical sciences,—and in them he is far from ignorant,—there is no branch of human knowledge cultivated in the present day in which he has not made great progress, and in which he does not hold a very high position among men of science. Beginning with the languages and literature of Greece and Rome, which he mastered to an extent which would do credit to persons who had devoted their whole lives to the subject, he

proceeded to study the modern languages, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, prosecuting all the while the various branches of theological science. On a recent occasion I was myself completely astonished at the extent and accuracy of his classical knowledge, considering his age. Again; Dr. Smith, unlike some who have earned for themselves a reputation, has never rested satisfied with his acquirements. Although feeble in health, he has attended with regularity, at a late hour in the evening, the meetings of the Royal, Microscopical, and other Scientific Societies, in order that he might become acquainted, as soon as possible, with the latest discoveries in science. On his study-table every new book of value is to be seen, whether published in this country, on the Continent, or in America. Those who have been admitted to familiar intercourse with him know what fragrance his piety sheds over the whole of his character; so that in conversation with him you cannot fail to be convinced that you are talking to an eminently holy and devout man."

The features of character thus sketched are amply confirmed by the details of the biography. Mr. Medway refers in his concluding chapter to some interesting and beautiful traits:

"To begin with what he was in company and conversation:—His retiring and diffident manner rarely escaped observation; for if any one part of a room, or any one person in a circle of friends, was less prominent than another, Dr. Smith, when left to have his own way, would choose that part, and place himself—often with the warmest greeting—by the side of that person; and this was almost sure to be the case, whenever the less prominent figures happened to be of the number of his Pupils, or of the humbler class of Christian ministers. He was scrupulously careful to avoid every act, word, or posture which could indicate—even by absence of mind—any deficiency of respect for those with whom he was in company. Indeed, his great attention to the wants and comfort of others, his urbanity and politeness, the remarkable quickness with which he would anticipate their attempts to serve him and themselves also, not unfrequently perplexed those whom he thus honoured, and who were at times at a loss to know how they were to receive and how requite his courtesy and kindness.

"His manner in conversation must always be viewed in the light of the serious and growing difficulty of his deafness. Yet even his 'great infirmity' was not unattended with valuable traits of character. He never sat, moody and apart, as one who was angry that he could not upon equal terms with the rest share the benefits and pleasures of social intercourse:—nor was he restless and eager to urge his claims as a speaker, upon those from whom he could derive little or nothing as a hearer:—nor was his countenance marked by the traces of a lofty, stoical, *human* calm, as though it did not become his dignity to give any signs of feeling before men. His patience, his submission looked like what we doubt not they were—really Divine graces, attempering, refining, and elevating the mortal part:—without, as it were, obliterating it."

"The *monologue* style, for which the late Mr. Coleridge was celebrated, rarely if ever appeared in Dr. Smith. Deaf as he was, well furnished with topics as he was known to be, and though not unfrequently urged to take up continuous speaking in company—his mental habits, and his sense of what was proper, at least in his case, never allowed him to engross the conversation to himself."

The deafness here referred to was the subject of a happily-expressed allusion by Dr. Leifchild, one of the speakers at the entertainment above mentioned, or some similar occasion:—

"'I was never'—said Dr. Leifchild in concluding his address—'so reconciled for a short time to our friend's infirmity of deafness, as I have been this morning; because it has allowed us the pleasure of expressing these sentiments in his presence, without inflicting on his sensitive mind the pain he would have felt in hearing them.'

To Mr. Medway's volume is appended a list of the works of Dr. Pye Smith, ranging in dates from 1796 to 1851. Many of these were publications of limited or temporary interest, but those which we have mentioned in the present review are works of standard reputation, and widely popular. This favourable reception they owe to the solid learning of their matter, for the style is most deficient in point and vivacity. Another valuable work is announced as in the press, 'First Lines of Christian Theology,' being the text-book of his lectures on systematic divinity at Homerton. It is to be edited by Mr. Farrer, the Secretary and Librarian of New College, London. Although having the disadvantage of being a posthumous publication, the great care with which the manuscripts were prepared and corrected will ensure this volume being a worthy companion to the theological works which have already made Dr. Pye Smith's name distinguished in theological literature.

History of the Early Christians. By Samuel Eliot. Bentley.

THE history of early Christianity is in this volume narrated with special reference to the political revolutions which it effected in the world. In the opening chapter Mr. Eliot formally states his theme, and the narrative is frequently interrupted by reflections, inviting attention to what is made the conspicuous moral of the book. In the old heathen world, according to Mr. Eliot, there were no true ideas of liberty. That freedom of which classic historians write, and of which Greek and Roman poets sing, was not worthy of the name. In reading the story of the most noble deeds of ancient times, one may exclaim, in the words of Madame Roland, during another phase of false freedom—"O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Under the guise of freedom it was passion for authority which generally prevailed. Even when the oppressed sometimes rose against tyrants, it was that they might themselves be again masters rather than freemen. The Christian dispensation inaugurated a new era, and gave birth to a principle of freedom before unknown on earth. We must let the author state his proposition in his own words:—

"The old liberty was the liberty of rulers. As such it was remembered. As such it was the object of longings and strivings on the part of those by whom, or by whose ancestors, it had once been possessed. The loss which they felt most keenly was that of dominion. The gain of dominion was that for which they struggled most resolutely. They thought themselves struggling for liberty. They thought themselves lamenting for liberty. But it was because liberty and dominion had been one and the same throughout the ancient ages. Liberty had belonged to none but rulers.

"To recover or to preserve such a liberty as this was not the want of mankind. The ruling classes of the West and of the East constituted but a small portion of the generations then existing. Not one man out of a thousand, out of a million, but was a subject in one or in another degree. The great need was of a liberty which should belong to these multitudinous subjects as well as to their scattered rulers. The liberty of the ruler had failed. The liberty of the subject was the liberty now required.

"Of its possibility there might well be doubts. Indeed it was so seemingly an impossibility, that there were few thoughts, still fewer deeds, excited by the conception of it or the desire for it. Whenever it was desired or imagined, whenever a man

acted or thought as though he had such a liberty before him, he did so but for a moment. His relapse into the prevailing subjection was almost as swift as it was sure. The winter of ages upon ages had settled upon human freedom. Its warm currents had been congealed into one vast frigid glacier, burdened by boulders from the cliffs above, and moving only to sink lower and lower into the depths beneath. Would the sun ever shine, would the spring or the summer ever glow so ardently as to loosen the icy masses of the past? Would the subject, bound, oppressed, degraded, as he was, attain to liberty? It must have appeared impossible.

"So, indeed, it was until marvellous changes should have been wrought. As yet there was no law to support the liberty of the subject. Every statute, known or imagined, commanded him to serve without the hope of freedom. Everywhere the claims of his ruler extinguished his own. If he could be liberated at all, it must be by a law that was yet to come. Nor was it to come from man. Human laws had supported liberty only as the liberty of the ruler. It could not become the liberty of the subject until a law had been received from God."

This new law was the grand result of Christianity, the origin and early history of which the author proceeds to describe. The one chief distinction between the pagan and the Christian world was the establishment of 'the liberty of the subject' in room of 'the liberty of the ruler.' After showing that the essence of the new religion was the establishment of the law of love, Mr. Eliot says:—

"Thus was the new liberty established. The new powers which man was enabled to exercise gave him the right to a new liberty. The new right was secured as a possession by the new law which he had received. He was free to obey the Divine law. He was free to put forth the powers which obedience to that law implies. The freedom to serve God was the new freedom. The liberty to love God and to love man was the new liberty. It was the liberty of the subject.

"The ruler was not excluded. But in rendering his service according to the powers with which he was endowed, he also became a subject. However superior amongst men, he was the subject of God. He was free, if free at all, as a subject rather than as a ruler."

We have commenced our notice by stating this theory of the author, as it is made the distinctive and conspicuous feature of his work. As too generally happens when a single idea is taken up and made the basis of speculation or argument, there is a constant tendency to exaggeration and paradox. That Christianity gave new scope to political liberty will be universally admitted. It taught the true rights of man, and revealed relations in which all mankind, subjects and rulers, were equal in the sight of God. But this, though an important, was but an incidental result of the promulgation of Christianity. Its highest aims were concerned with a kingdom not of this world, and the liberty which it preached was from spiritual not temporal domination. Our poet Cowper nobly describes this liberty in the lines beginning:—

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."

The contrast is between secular and spiritual freedom, not, as Mr. Eliot represents, between the liberty of the ruler and of the subject. The confusion of ideas and of language is apparent in the following passage from the closing chapter, in which the principles of the work are summed up:—

"This was the liberty of the subject, in other words, of every individual, the subject as well as the ruler, who recognised his responsibilities to his fellow-creatures and to his Creator. It was a

liberty which the ruler obtained in fulfilling his duties. In fulfilling his, the subject obtained it likewise. It was the liberty to live according to the law of love proclaimed by Christ the Lord."

In the historical treatment of his subject Mr. Eliot displays much research and ability. Of the internal and external affairs of the church down to the time of the Emperor Justinian, he gives a concise and interesting sketch. The political position of the Christians under the Roman emperors forms a prominent part of the work. The stories of the early martyrs are told effectively, and with as much discrimination as is practicable where the facts are intermingled with so many marvellous legends. Of the author's style of narration this may serve as an example. He is writing of the times of Cyprian:—

"The figures of individual believers are still brought out in relief by persecution or by oppression. Such as we might suppose to have belonged to the farthest background frequently appear amongst the foremost of the martyrs. At the close of the period over which we have passed, a Christian by name Marinus was serving in the imperial army. Having risen from post to post in the legion to which he was attached, he now waited his promotion to the rank of centurion or commander. A place fell vacant; and Marinus was called to receive his commission at Cesarea in Palestine. Gladly and gallantly, we doubt not, he came to the tribunal where the badge of office was to be conferred; but as he advanced, a comrade, the next to him in rank, exclaimed that Marinus could not be commissioned, inasmuch as he would refuse sacrifice to the Emperor. Marinus, nothing daunted by the charge, yet nothing tempted by the promotion which he had so nearly obtained, replied to the excited inquiries of the presiding officers that he was certainly a Christian. Three hours were given him to reflect upon the alternative of denying his faith or losing his commission and his life. Such was the confidence, apparently, in his deciding as a soldier rather than as a Christian, that he was not even put under arrest for the allotted time.

"As he walked away, he was accosted by Theodosius, bishop of Cesarea. Him Marinus followed to the church where they had prayed together in other hours; and there, before the altar, the Bishop sought to confirm the resolution of his disciple. Lifting the soldier's cloak, and pointing to the sword that hung beneath, Theodosius held out the Scriptures, and bade Marinus choose between the weapon and the sacred volume. Marinus unhesitatingly grasped the Gospel. 'Hold fast,' exclaimed the bishop joyfully; 'hold fast to God, and with His blessing fulfil the choice which thou hast made! Now go in peace!' Marinus went his way. The time appointed had already passed when he reached the tribunal. Having reiterated his confession of faith, he was led away 'as he was,' says the historian, 'and made perfect by death.'

"The heroism of the soldier was outdone by that of a mother. Marian, a reader in one of the African communities, set out with some of his brethren on a mission to Numidia. Arrested on the way, they were brought to the city of Cirtha, where they were arraigned, imprisoned, and executed. As Marian lay dead, his mother, Mary, embraced his corpse 'in joy,' says the Christian who witnessed the scene, 'that she had borne such a son.' The liberty sealed by his death was resealed by her fortitude. Doubtless she was immediately dragged to execution.

"Yet more marvellous examples of fortitude were set by Christian children. A boy of fifteen, named Dioscorus, apprehended at Alexandria during the persecution of Decius, bore so bravely with interrogatory, menace, and torture, that he was actually released. The same persecution, or the later one under Valerian, witnessed not only the torture but the martyrdom of a still younger sufferer. A letter from an unknown hand tells

how Cyril, the son of a Heathen parent at Caesarea, incurred the anger of his playmates and the cruelty of his father by professing to be a Christian. Brought before a judge he was threatened with punishment, and then dismissed with advice as of too tender years to be formally sentenced. But the boy was proof against the counsel as well as against the threat that would have persuaded him to renounce the faith of his young heart. 'The house where I want to dwell,' he said in answer to the judge's command that he should return home, 'that house is greater than my father's, and its treasures are much more precious. These I wish to obtain from my Master. Kill me more quickly that I may more quickly enjoy them.' Some, standing by, began to weep. 'Ye ought to laugh,' he said, 'and lead me gladly to death. But ye know not the place where I would go, nor the hope that I have. Just let me die.' He had his wish.

"While the weakest, like the child, the tenderest, like the mother, and the strongest, like the soldier, were faithful, the Christians would be free. The persecutors might seem to triumph. But they really failed. All their vindictiveness, all their might, were insufficient to deprive the Christians of their liberty. It was a liberty that proved itself the most secure, the most sustaining, in the midst of the greatest trials, the greatest perils. For it was a liberty belonging to none so much as to the subject.

"This was the liberty upheld by the organisation that has been described. The inward spirit was far more essential than the outward form. But the institutions developed amongst the Christians contributed to sustain the liberty on which they depended for all that they had, for all that they hoped to have. Their work could be prosecuted more effectually. The union which they were to prepare could be more successfully ushered in."

The account of the life and character of Constantine is on the whole satisfactory, but Mr. Eliot scarcely speaks with sufficient decision of the purely political motives of the Emperor on first taking the side of the Christians:—

"The sovereign on whom the Christians had become dependant was still a heathen. He was bound to the ancient creed not only by his position as a ruler, but by that which he had taken upon himself as a priest. He was Chief Pontiff, as has been mentioned, besides being Emperor. His faith in the old religion had been tempered, it is true, by his consideration for the new. But he had not yet embraced the new. It was uncertain whether he would ever do so.

"There was no other point, humanly speaking, of equal interest to the Christians with the conversion of Constantine. While he remained a heathen, were it merely in name, he wore a menacing aspect to his Christian subjects. His favour towards them might be changed at any moment into aversion. Even if he continued to protect them, it would be at the risk of all independence on their own part. They could not keep in his good graces but by submission, undeviating and entire. Only in the event of his becoming as one of them would their subjection be alleviated. Only thus would they have any security in his protection. It became of more and more importance to them that he should be actually converted.

"'It was then' says the Christian biographer, referring to the time when Constantine was preparing to make himself master of the Western provinces, 'it was then that he perceived his need of more substantial resources than merely military ones. He therefore considered what deity he should seek for a helper. And as he considered, the thought occurred to him, how of the numerous individuals exercising supremacy before him, those who rested their hopes upon numerous gods had met with unhappy deaths, nor had any of their divinities interposed to rescue them from

their calamities. His father alone, who had followed a contrary course in condemning the errors of his predecessors, and in worshipping a single deity throughout his life, he alone had found a guardian and a protector of his authority, an author of everything that was good.' It is not to be understood from this that Constantine the father was a Christian. The deity chosen by him was Apollo, whom the more devout heathen would naturally worship as the lord of light. Constantine seems to have improved upon the conception, by adoring the sun as the lord not only of light, but of life. 'The god of his father,' says the Christian, who would fain have Constantine appear as a worshipper of his own deity, 'he held to be alone deserving of adoration.'

"While in this frame of mind, Constantine beheld the visions to which allusion has been already made. The inscription, 'With this conquer!' appeared upon a cross blazing above the sun at noon. What more natural than that this should pass for a sign of favour from the divinity habitually worshipped by the Emperor? The cross, if it were seen, could not have appeared so distinct to his eyes as the light with which it seemed to be illumined by the meridian sun. The day declined. The divinity whom Constantine adored sank beneath the night. But the darkness was irradiated with dreams of glory. Could it be the god of day who visited him? It must have struck him as uncertain. The night could not have been thought the season for the lord of light and of life to descend to his votary. Constantine doubted. But he was resolved, says the Christian, 'to worship no other god than the one who had appeared to him.' Agreeably to the commands received in his visions, the emperor directed a standard to be prepared of purple and gold, surmounted by a crown with mystic letters. To this he gave the name of the Labarum. Yet the preparation of the standard had not decided the point on which the Emperor was doubting. He had obeyed the mandates of the god. But who the god might be was another question.

"To inform himself, if possible, he called about him priests; at first, we may suppose, from the Heathen rather than from the Christians. But the ministers of the ancient religion were at fault. It was not easy for them to explain the unusual apparition which their emperor had beheld. Then the Christians may have come forward. They were more decided. The deity about whom the sovereign was questioning was declared to be 'the Only Begotten Son of the One and Only God.' The sign as yet uninterpreted, was pronounced 'the symbol of immortality, the trophy of the victory over death that had been gained by Him upon the earth.' Constantine was far from being convinced. But he was persuaded to consult the Christian Scriptures.

"This was his first step towards conversion. But why was it taken? Was it simply because Constantine yearned for the truth? He sought to acquaint himself with a deity about whom he was in uncertainty. But it was because he was intent upon obtaining the glories which his celestial visitant had revealed to him. He had been promised victory. He had been assured of dominion. All this would be his if he could but find the proper god to adore.

"He pressed forward to triumph at Rome. Still interested in fathoming the revelation which he had received, he found himself beset by the Christians. They attracted him as the most earnest prophets whom he had encountered. They should be rescued from their persecutors. They should be saved from their own dissensions. It was possible, in Constantine's opinion, that they were right in affirming his deity and their God to be the same. He entered into their interests. It was his second step towards conversion.

"The motive to take it was the same that had already prevailed with Constantine. He was intent upon supremacy. He had established himself at the heart of the Empire. But the claims which

Rome had once possessed, to the exclusion of all other cities in the imperial realms, were no longer universally recognised. The possessor of the ancient capital was not acknowledged as the possessor of the Roman dominion. Nor were Constantine's personal pretensions to the supreme power at all generally allowed. He had a colleague. He might have another and another competitor. To one in his position, and with his aspirations, it was an important matter to be confessed the head of any class or of any party extending throughout the imperial provinces. Constantine put himself at the head of the Christians."

In the life of Ambrose an important era in ecclesiastical history is discussed, when the power of the prelates began to assume co-ordinate authority with secular princes:—

"Ambrose stands as the leader and the victor in the contest of the prelate with the sovereign. He left the sovereign subdued, the prelate exalted. The place of the courtiers and the soldiers in the heathen period of the empire was taken by prelates in its Christian period.

"The age of prelates, as it may be styled, had been advancing from the time when the age of martyrs had ended. It had now reached its full. Its liberty was established. The union which that liberty could prepare might be foreseen. And what was this union? It was the union of the few who held power to the many who obeyed it. And what was the liberty by which this union was prepared? It was the liberty of the prelate, in other words, of the ruler. It was the same sort of liberty that had been possessed by the heathen.

"Where, then, was the liberty that had been bestowed upon the Christian? Where the liberty of the subject? Had the subject classes been elevated by the rise of their prelates? It was scarcely possible. The chief point with the prelate was to establish his authority, or that, in a more generous view, of his church. To build up dominion was not to extend freedom. An age of prelates could not but be unpropitious to the liberty of the subject."

The history closes with the reign of Justinian, of whose life and exploits a brief outline is given, the closing paragraphs of which we extract:—

"It remains to be seen what Justinian could effect by arms. In the East, his object was to preserve his domains. For this he engaged in defensive warfare against the Persians and the Northern races. Of the latter, some became invaders, sweeping into the very walls of Constantinople. But the valour of foreign mercenaries, by the skill of foreign generals, was successfully employed by the Emperor. He had artifices to urge and tributes to yield where mere military defences failed. Excepting some concessions on the frontiers, the realms to which Justinian succeeded were preserved.

"To increase them he entered into offensive warfare against the Western kingdoms. A letter to the Vandals of Africa called upon them to side with the Emperor in restoring one of their princes who had been deposed. As soon as there was no pretext of avenging him, the imperial general, Belisarius, harangued his troops about recovering the possessions of the empire. It was the empire of Justinian, as much a stranger to Rome as any Vandal chieftain, for which Belisarius, himself a stranger, and his soldiers, themselves strangers, contended. A single campaign sufficed to make Justinian the master of the African territories. His army, still under the command of Belisarius, was almost immediately directed against Italy. The same pretexts, first of avenging the wrongs of an Ostrogothic queen, and then of regaining the imperial domains, were put forward. But the strength of the Ostrogoths proved greater than that of the Vandals. Belisarius was succeeded by Narses, battle followed battle, Rome was repeatedly taken and repeatedly retaken, before the forces of Justinian prevailed at the expiration of

seventeen years. To the Italian victories succeeded various conquests from the Visigoths upon the coast of Spain. So far the Gothic emperor triumphed in extending his dominions.

"But they could be extended no farther. When the war broke out between the Emperor and the Ostrogothic monarch, both sought aid from the Franks. Both, however, were attacked by the Franks, who, though represented as having been defeated, obtained portions of the Ostrogothic territories both from the Ostrogoths themselves and from Justinian. Some later inroads, of an individual rather than a national character, were more effectually resisted by the imperial general then in command of the Italian conquests. But the power of the Franks, supported by their German confederates or tributaries, proved decisive in arresting the marches of Justinian. It was even feared that the Franks would descend upon Constantinople. The nation in alliance with the Catholic power prevails against him by whom that power had been assailed.

"We have traced the policy of Justinian as if he had been consistent in its conception and its pursuit. But to see him as he was, we must turn from the battle-fields of Italy, or the council-chambers of Constantinople, to the apartments in which he lived doubtless and intriguing, wasting his best resources, sacrificing his best generals, wavering and yielding throughout his reign. 'He had been the first,' says one Byzantine chronicler, 'of those reigning at Byzantium to prove himself a Roman emperor in name and in deed.' 'For it was he,' adds another, 'who recovered for Rome the things that belonged to Rome.' Yet despite all adulation, Justinian lived to know that he had recovered nothing, proved nothing, which would endure. 'Better were it for us,' the Romans had sent to tell him, 'better to serve the Goths than to serve you.' Still in the midst of uncertainties, though still devoted to his own aggrandizement, the aged Emperor expired.

"Centralization, so far as it was imperial and Roman, died with him. He had bereft it of its last faint breath in attempting to revive it in another Empire of Rome. Its corpse lay unburied in the East. Even in the West there were some scattered bones above the soil. But there could be no more revival of the remains. The Roman Empire was past and gone."

There is an abruptness of style in Mr. Eliot's writing, the peculiarity of which is somewhat disagreeable. His sentences are almost invariably broken up into fragmentary clauses, as is seen in the first of our extracts. This irregularity and abruptness have occasionally a good effect, but when constantly used constitute an objectionable mannerism.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. Vol. I. Mary Stuart. By Miss Strickland. Blackwood and Sons.

We have already freely expressed our opinion of Miss Strickland's merits and qualifications as a historian in general, and of the spirit in which she has undertaken the 'Life of Mary Stuart' in particular ('L. G.', 1852, p. 787). From the first page of the work it is plain that she is about to write a romantic panegyric, not an impartial narrative. After justly observing that Mary Stuart cannot be described by argumentative essays, she must be portrayed by facts, the biography, somewhat inconsistently, commences with an elaborate dissertation, by which the mind of the reader is prepared for the facts to be afterwards presented. At the outset of the history some authorities are studiously given, while others, such as the work of M. Mignet, which on certain points has convinced the judgment of every

historical student, are kept in the background. We might overlook a certain amount of sentimental partiality in the biographer of one whose sex and rank, whose beauty and misfortune, conspire to interest every reader in her favour. But no excuse can be tolerated for the suppression of documentary evidence, or for disregard of the ascertained facts of history. This unfairness Miss Strickland especially displays in the manner in which she speaks of John Knox, and of 'the good Regent' Moray. We have shown in our review of the first volume how unfounded are many of her allegations as to the principles and conduct of the reformers, and how exaggerated are her representations of the personal character of their leader. When the young queen first came to Scotland she was surrounded by a popish court, and she was under the guidance of her uncles, the Guises. There was every danger that the same spirit which dictated the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris would regain its influence at Edinburgh. Against this influence Knox and his Protestant associates resolutely contended, and in all their efforts true loyalty and patriotism were as conspicuous as zeal for religion. But the facts revealed in M'Crie's biography of Knox are as much ignored as those which M. Mignet has brought to light about Mary. In her zeal as an advocate Miss Strickland too much forgets the duty of fidelity as a historian.

Having felt it right thus again to notice with censure the spirit in which the life of Mary Stuart has been undertaken, we pass to the more agreeable task of noting the lively and graphic style of the narrative. The second volume opens with an account of the difficulties of Mary's position after her return to Scotland. Her conduct during her widowhood was irreproachable. In testimony of this Miss Strickland makes good use of a passage in a letter from Randolph, the English ambassador, to Cecil, after her marriage to Darnley:—

"I must say," writes Randolph, "that she is much altered from that majesty that I have seen in her, and that modesty that I have wondered to be in her, that she is not now counted, by her own subjects, to be the woman that she was." Little did he who penned this passage imagine the inestimable service he was rendering to the reputation of Mary Stuart, by the refutation it affords to the libellous aspersions which the prejudice of Knox against her religion induced that powerful and popular organ of her foes to cast on her queenly dignity and feminine purity. What becomes of his accusations of personal indecorum with Chastelar!—what of Buchanan's base insinuations regarding Riccio, and the charge of levity with which party writers have attempted to defame her character? Randolph, who had seen her almost every day for four years, from the time when she arrived a beautiful widow of eighteen from France, up to the period of her marriage with Darnley, and had heard the worst that could be said of her by blind fanaticism and political falsehood—who, by his intimacy with Mary Béton, had full and unsuspected means of knowing what her conduct in her most private moments was,—he 'had wondered at the majesty and modesty he had remarked in her.' What are the eulogiums of Brantôme, Caussin, Belforest, and the rest of her adoring panegyrists, in comparison to the testimony of this unfriendly witness of the majesty and modesty of Mary Stuart's deportment during her widow reign in Scotland?"

Of the numerous suitors for Mary's hand, and the intrigues and negotiations carried on in their favour, minute details are recorded. While the English agents were forwarding the pretensions of Leicester, "she was at the

same time assailed from France with proposals in behalf of every bachelor and widower prince of that realm, between the ages of fifteen and fifty, including the youthful sovereign himself and his brother." Considering the ecclesiastical tendencies usually apparent in Miss Strickland, we are pleased to find her thus expressing herself with respect to the suit of the Prince of Condé:—

"A last attempt to win Mary was made by the Prince de Condé, through the intercession of her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine. The love of this illustrious Protestant hero was certainly of a very enduring character. The brave, the honest, the good Condé, was the very man whom her best friends could have desired for her husband; and had she been wise enough to select such a partner, it is not impossible that his virtues and manly tenderness, adorning his religious profession, might have won her to embrace the tenets, or at least to conform to a mode of worship so much more agreeable to her subjects than the ornate Church of the Middle Ages. But Mary was now irrevocably bound to Darnley, and, reckless of the worth of the true heart she rejected, she was occupying herself with personal preparations for the public solemnisation of her nuptials with her secretly wedded consort."

Of the Queen's occupations and amusements in the early years of her Scottish reign some pleasing notices are given:—

"She had the good policy to visit in turn every district in Scotland, by which she made herself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of her people, and rendered herself admired and beloved wherever she came. She was present at the great hunting in Atholl, where two thousand Highlanders had previously been employed to sweep the game from the woods and mountains about Atholl, Badenoch, Mar, and Moray. Mary entered into the sport with great zest, and enjoyed the satisfaction of being in at the death of five wolves, the last survivors of the savage beasts which once formed the terror of the shepherds and lassies in those wild districts. No less than three hundred and thirty-six deer were slain in the course of this royal hunt. Hawks were brought to her Majesty from the Isle of Skye, and those who presented this acceptable offering were well rewarded. Mary's occupations were not confined to sylvan sports. She held justice courts: she made her advocate for the poor perform his duty, by pleading for those who suffered wrong and could not afford to seek redress. She gave receptions to the ladies in those remote districts, who were unable to undertake a journey to Edinburgh to pay their homage to her in Holyrood; and she proclaimed a music-meeting, offering her own favourite harp as the prize of the best performer. The fair Beatrice Gardyn, of Banchory, in Aberdeenshire, was adjudged by her Majesty to have surpassed all the courtly competitors, and even her own musicians, in skill and taste, as well as in the sweetness of her voice. Neither Michellet, Mary's newly-imported French musician, nor even her old-established favourite, David Riccio, were excepted. The poet-queen acknowledged the superiority of the native melodies of Scotland to the most elaborate harmonies which foreign science could produce: and when she felt the soul-thrilling power of a Scottish ballad, from the lips of a sweet-voiced Scottish lassie, the generous Sovereign hailed her young subject as the Queen of Song, and accorded the harp to her, with this compliment, 'You alone are worthy to possess the instrument you touch so well.' Queen Mary's harp is still preserved by the descendants of Beatrice Gardyn, at Lude. It was originally graced with a portrait of the royal donor, and the arms of Scotland in solid gold, enriched with several gems, two of which were considered of great value; but these were stolen during the civil wars."

It is on the incident here narrated that Hogg founded his poem of 'The Queen's Wake,' but by mistake, or by poetical license,

he makes Holyrood palace the scene of the contest. From Dalzel is quoted in a footnote the recent history of the Queen's harp:—

" Queen Mary's harp was strung anew, tuned, and played on in the year 1806. A lady of the family of Gardyn of Banchory, subsequently of Troup, having married a descendant of Robertson of Lude, transferred the relic thither. It is somewhat smaller than the Caledonian harp, and is adapted for twenty-eight strings, the longest twenty-four inches, the shortest two and a half. This instrument had been for centuries in the Lude family; and is now in the possession of Stuart of Dalguise, Perthshire."

Had it not been for the deeply-rooted national feeling against the religion of Mary, her popularity would have been unbounded. Of this an illustration is afforded in an anecdote recorded in a letter of Randolph to the Earl of Bedford, which he calls 'a lyttle historie':

" What mischief this mischievous mass worketh here amongst us thy lordship seeth, and hereby we may conjecture what will ensue if she match with a Popish prince. At her coming to the Laird of Lundie's house in Fife, who is a grave ancient man [with] white head and white beard, he kneelth down unto her, and saith like words to these: ' Madam, this is your own house, and the land belongeth to the same; all my goods and gear is yours. These seven boys' (which are as tall men as any man hath in Scotland, and the least of them, youngest, is twenty-five years of age) ' and myself will wear our bodies in your Grace's service without your Majesty's charge, and we will serve you truly. But, Madam, one humble petition I would make unto your Grace in recompense of this—that your Majesty will not have no man in this house so long as it pleaseth your Grace to tarry in it.' The Queen took well enough these words, but asked him ' Why? ' He said, ' I know it to be worse than the nickle *drexle*, with many other spiteful words against it. ' "

We pass over the disagreeable subject of Mary's marriage with Darnley, and his cruel treatment of her, of which Miss Strickland speaks in no measured terms of reprobation:—

" The wife of an Edinburgh burgess would scarce have brooked such treatment; what then must have been the feelings of Scotland's Queen and loveliest woman, when exposed to public insults from the ungrateful springald whom she had fondly associated in her regality. * * * The royal rose of Scotland had indeed wasted her sweetness and her charms on a bosom unworthy of the envied lot of winning and wearing a prize, for which the mightiest and most illustrious princes of Europe had contended in vain."

Miss Strickland's account of the assassination of Rizzio will be read with interest, and presents a characteristic specimen of her style. The recent researches of Prince Labanoff, and other historical discoveries, have supplied materials for a more full and consistent narrative of the whole affair than has hitherto appeared:—

" The day appointed for the great enterprise by the conspirators, with consent of their infatuated tool Darnley, was Saturday, March 9, 1565-6, as concerted between them, the Earl of Moray, and the other rebel Lords in England. In the gloaming of the evening of that day, five hundred men, some in secret armour, the rest in jacks and steel-bonnets, with guns, pistols, swords, bucklers, Edinburgh staves, and halberts, assembled themselves in the Abbey Close, and about the Queen's Palace of Holyrood. The Earl of Morton introduced about eight score of those judged by him fittest for the purpose into the inner court: he then ordered the gates to be locked, and took possession of the keys. As he was Mary's Lord-Chancellor, no suspicion was entertained respecting his intentions by her inferior servants, whose loyalty at all times shamed the titled traitors by whom she was surrounded. When Morton had taken these steps he

came to Darnley, accompanied by a party of the banded conspirators, and told him all was ready. Darnley was ready too, having taken his supper an hour earlier than usual, in company with Moray's brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, George Douglas the Postulate, and Lord Ruthven, who, though dying of an incurable bodily malady, and vexed with a burning fever, had risen from his sick-bed on the keen scent for blood: scarcely able to support himself, he had donned his armour to play the leading part in the anticipated butchery. Darnley's suite of apartments was on the ground-floor, immediately under those of his royal spouse, to which he had at all times access by means of a small spiral staircase, called a limanga, leading through a private passage to a door opening into her bedroom concealed behind the tapestry hangings. Of this door he alone, besides her Majesty, possessed a key. Darnley, now an inveterate drinker, must, we think, have been plied by his evil companions with many a deep potation ere he could so far forget his duty as a prince, a gentleman, and a husband, as to abuse the conjugal privilege of free access at all hours to his royal consort's chamber, by availing himself of that means of introducing a band of murderous traitors into her private sanctuary. If we may credit their statement, the proposal of doing so, which probably even their hardihood had not gone so far as to suggest, emanated from himself. ' I will have open the door,' said he, ' and keep her in talk till you come in,' only one person at a time being able to ascend the narrow stair.

" Mary being indisposed, had been enjoined by her physicians to keep herself very quiet, and sustain her strength with animal food, instead of observing the Lent fast. She was, therefore, supping privately in her closet—a small cabinet about twelve feet in length and ten in breadth, within her bedroom—in company with Jane, Countess of Argyll, and Lord Robert Stuart, Commandator of Holyrood Abbey (her illegitimate brother and sister), attended by Beton, Laird of Creich, one of the masters of her household, Arthur Erskine, her esquire, her French doctor, and several other persons. David Riccio was also present, the Queen expressly says, ' among others our servants.' Her statement is confirmed by the testimony of that faithful historian Camden, who, writing with the key to all the mysterious tragedies of her life and reign, Cecil's secret correspondence, before him, states ' that David Riccio was standing at the side-board, eating something that had been sent to him from the Queen's table. This was in strict accordance with the customs of the court and period. The assassins, in the plausible brief prepared for their defence and Mary's defamation, by their special advisers and confederates in the murder, Randolph and Bedford, and also in Cecil's edition of the political document bearing the name of ' Morton and Ruthven's Narrative of the Slaughter of David,' affirm, ' that he was sitting at the other end of the table, with his cap on.' The cap is undoubtedly an English interpolation, not mentioned by Buchanan or Knox, neither of whom would have failed to enlarge on a circumstance so much to their purpose, if it had not been liable to be disproved by numerous witnesses. That Riccio was seated at the royal board, though denied by good authorities, was not impossible; and even if it were so, what does it prove?—or in what other light can such a circumstance be regarded than as a trait of the good feeling and characteristic courtesy of a sovereign, whose mind and manners were too far in advance of a semi-barbarous age to treat her Secretary—a man of signal attainments and accomplishments—with no greater respect than if he had been a lackey? The generous spirit and refined taste of Mary Stuart taught her to reject the slavish idolatries usually exacted by regality in the mediæval centuries.

" Darnley, having led the way up the private stair from his apartment into his wife's bedroom, entered her cabinet alone, about seven o'clock. Neither surprise nor disturbance was manifested at his appearance by the Queen or her company; on the contrary, he seemed to be to Mary a welcome

guest; for when he placed himself beside her in the double chair of state, one seat whereof had in his absence remained unoccupied, she kindly inclined herself towards him, to receive and reciprocate the conjugal caresses with which he greeted her: they kissed each other, and embraced, and Darnley cast his arm about her waist, with deceitful demonstrations of fondness. Conventional civilities were next exchanged between the royal pair. ' My Lord, have you supped? ' inquired Mary: ' I believed you would have finished your supper by this time. ' Darnley evasively replied, indirectly implying an apology for interrupting a meal he did not intend to share. Before the utterance of another word, the tapestry masking the secret passage into the Queen's bedroom was pushed aside, and Ruthven, pale, ghastly, and attenuated, intruded himself upon the scene. The evil reputation of this nobleman, both as a sorcerer and an assassin, had from the first rendered him an object of instinctive horror to Mary. He had been withal the sworn foe of her mother; yet, in consequence of his being the husband of Lady Lennox's sister, she had, since her marriage with Darnley, compelled herself to treat him with civility. She knew he had long been confined to his bed with an incurable disease; and a fits had been reported to her on that very day that he was in mortal extremity, she concluded, from his wild and haggard appearance, and the strange fashion in which he burst into her presence, that he had escaped from his chamber in a sudden access of delirium, imagining himself perhaps pursued by the vengeful spectre of his murdered victim, Charteris, Laird of Kinleugh. Under the folds of his loose gown, Mary could see that his gaunt figure was sheathed in mail. He brandished a naked rapier in his hand, and had donned a steel casque over the nightcap in which his livid brow was muffled: a more frightful apparition could scarcely have startled the eyes of a young teeming matron. Her first impulse was to utter an exclamation of terror and surprise; but recollecting herself, she kindly addressed him in these words: ' My Lord, I was coming to visit you in your chamber, having been told you were very ill, and now you enter our presence in your armour. What does this mean? '

" Ruthven flung himself into a chair, and with a sarcastic sneer replied, ' I have, indeed, been very ill, but I find myself well enough to come here for your good. ' She, observing his look and manner, said, ' And what good can you do me? You come not in the fashion of one who meaneth well. ' ' There is no harm intended to your Grace,' replied Ruthven, ' nor to any one, but yonder trooper David; it is he with whom I have to speak. ' ' What hath he done? ' inquired Mary. ' Ask the King your husband, madam. ' She turned in surprise to Darnley, who had now risen, and was leaning on the back of her chair. ' What is the meaning of this? ' she demanded. He faltered, affected ignorance, and replied, ' I know nothing of the matter. ' Mary on this, assuming a tone of authority, ordered Ruthven to leave her presence, under penalty of treason. As he paid no attention to her behest, Arthur Erskine and Lord Keith (who was one of her Masters of the Household), with her French apothecary, attempted to expel him forcibly. ' Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled, ' exclaimed Ruthven, brandishing his rapier. ' Then another of the banditti, ' as our Italian authority not inappropriately designates the confederates, made his appearance with a horse-pistol, called a dag, in his hand. He was immediately followed by others of the party, in warlike array. ' What is the meaning of this? ' exclaimed Mary; ' do you seek my life? '

" ' No, madam, ' replied Ruthven, ' but we will have out yonder villain Davie, ' making a pass at him as he spoke. The Queen prevented the blow by seizing his wrist, and rising to her feet intrepidly, interposed the sacred shield of her royal person between her ferocious Baron and the defenseless little foreigner, who had retreated into the recess of the embayed window, and was holding in his trembling hand the dagger he had drawn, but had not the courage, or possibly the

skill, to use in his own defence, his weapon being the pen of a ready writer—his manual skill confined to the lute or viol. ‘If my Secretary have been guilty of any misdemeanor,’ said Mary to the assailants, ‘I promise to exhibit him before the Lords of the Parliament, that he may be dealt with according to the usual forms of justice.’ ‘Here is the means of justice, madam,’ cried one of the assassins, producing a rope. ‘Madam,’ said David aside to the Queen, ‘I am a dead man.’ ‘Fear not,’ she replied aloud, ‘the King will never suffer you to be slain in my presence; neither can he forget your faithful services.’ It was probably this appeal to her husband’s better feelings, coupled with his remembrance of his former obligations to Riccio, that, touching a tender chord in Darnley’s bosom, produced the hesitation and irresolution described by the assassins themselves—‘the King stood amazed, and wist not what to do.’ But he was in the hands of those who would not suffer him to draw back. ‘Sir,’ cried Ruthven, ‘take the Queen your wife and sovereign to you,’ thus reminding their unhappy tool that he was expected by his accomplices to perform his promise of taking on himself the responsibility of exerting masculine force, if requisite, in a personal struggle with her whom, by every law of nature, as well as by his oath of allegiance and of knighthood, he was bound to defend and cherish.

‘The slogan yell, ‘A Douglas, a Douglas!’ now resounded through that quarter of the palace. Morton and eighty of his followers, impatient of the delay of the King and the party he had introduced through his own privileged approach into his royal consort’s apartments, were ascending the grand staircase in full force, and prepared to conclude the enterprise ‘by killing, slaying, and extirpating,’ according to the letter of their bond, ‘all or any one who might oppose them, whomsoever it might be.’ The doors of her Majesty’s presence-chamber were presently forced; her servants fled in terror, without venturing the slightest show of resistance to the overwhelming numbers of the ruffian band. The sanctuary of the Queen’s bedroom was next profaned by the invaders, and the glare of their torches threw an ominous light on the conflicting agitated group at the farther end of the cabinet. The struggle of David Riccio for life had been prolonged, in consequence of the determined resistance offered by the Queen, and the irresolution of her husband. The table, which had hitherto served as a barrier to prevent the near approach of the assailants, was now flung violently over on the Queen, with the viands, knives, and all that was upon it, by the fresh inbreath of unscrupulous men rushing forward to the work of death. Lady Argyll caught up one of the lighted candles in her hand, as it was falling, and thus preserved her royal sister and herself from being enveloped in flames. The pandemonium to which Mary’s usually peaceful cabinet was suddenly transformed needed not that additional horror. She was for a moment, it seems, overpowered with surprise, mortal terror, and pain, for she must have been severely hurt by the table and heavy plate upon it being hurled against her person: she would, moreover, have been overthrown by a shock so rude and unexpected, and probably crushed to death beneath the feet of the inhuman traitors who were raging round her, if Ruthven had not taken her in his arms and put her into those of Darnley, telling her at the same time ‘not to be alarmed, for there was no harm meant to her, and all that was done was her husband’s deed’—of him ‘who had come,’ as she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her heart, ‘to betray her with a Judas kiss.’ Her indignant sense of the outrage offered to her, both as Queen and woman, revived her sinking energies, instead of swooning, as they expected: she burst into a torrent of indignant reproaches, and calling the unmannly intruders ‘Traitors and villains!’ ordered them to begone, under penalty of the severest punishment, and declared her resolution of protecting her faithful servant. ‘We will have out that gallant!’ cried Ruthven, pointing with his finger to the trembling Secretary, who had shrunk backwards to the very extremity of the window recess, behind the stately

figure of the Queen, for refuge, while she continued intrepidly to confront the throng of banded ruffians.

‘Let him go, Madam; they will not harm him,’ exclaimed Darnley.

‘Save my life, Madam! Save my life for God’s dear sake!’ shrieked Riccio, clinging to her robe for protection. Mary in vain essayed the eloquence of tears, entreaties, and expostulations; she adjured her subjects, by their duty to her as their Queen, by the consideration due to her sex, and above all to her present situation, sufficiently apparent, not to shed blood in her presence, adding ‘that it would be more for their honour as well as hers that her Secretary, if he had offended, should be proceeded against according to the forms of justice.’ ‘Justitia, justitia!’ reiterated the wretched foreigner, catching in his despair at the word. One less regarded by the ruthless men who were banded for his murder he could scarcely have used. The first blow was given by the Postulate, George Douglas, who stabbed him over the Queen’s shoulder with such fury that the blood was sprinkled over her garments, and the dagger left sticking in his side; others followed the example; and Darnley having succeeded in unlocking the tenacious grasp with which the wretched victim clung to the Queen’s robe, he was dragged, while vainly crying for mercy and for justice, from her feet. Mary would still have struggled for his preservation, but Darnley, forcing her into a chair, stood behind it, holding her so tightly embraced that she could not rise. The ferocious fanatic, Andrew Ker of Fandonside, presented a cocked pistol to her side, with a furious imprecation, telling her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. ‘Fire,’ she undauntedly replied, ‘if you respect not the royal infant in my womb.’ The weapon was hastily turned aside—it was by the hand of Darnley.

* * * * *

Darnley had consented to the crime, and given the treason the sanction of his presence, but he had revolted from the barbarism of lending his personal assistance in the butchery. As a Prince and a gentleman, he could not force his hand to plunge a knife into the unfortunate creature, with whom he had lived on terms of familiar friendship, and had even played at tennis with him on the preceding day. His heart failed, his mind misgave him, and he would fain have drawn back; but for him there was no retreat. George Douglas, the Postulate, who had dealt the first blow to the unfortunate Secretary, by stabbing him over the Queen’s shoulder with his own whinger, concluded the business by snatching Darnley’s dagger from the sheath and plunging it into the mangled corpse, exclaiming at the same time, ‘This is the blow of the King,’ leaving the royal weapon sticking in the wound, to draw public attention to the complicity of Mary’s consort in the assassination, and prevent any credit from being given to his denial by either her or her people. They had at first proposed to hang the unfortunate Secretary, and others of Mary’s officers with him, having brought cords for that purpose. With those cords they now bound the murdered man’s feet together, and dragging him along the floor of the Queen’s chamber, hurled him down the narrow staircase into the King’s lobby, where his corpse was stripped and spoiled of the decorations, especially a jewel of great value, which he had hanging round his neck at the time of the murder,—perhaps the costly diamond sent to him by Moray from England, to purchase his pardon. David was attired, as etiquette required on that fatal night, being in attendance on the Queen, in a rich court-dress, called in the nomenclature of the costume of the period ‘night-gown,’ of black figured damask, faced with fur, a satin doublet, and russet-coloured velvet hose, or *haute-chaussée*.

Mary and Darnley were left alone together in their cabinet, and the key of the door was turned upon them both, while the assassins completed their sanguinary work, and disposed of the body of the murdered man. During this brief pause, Mary, exhausted by the agonising conflict she had endured, wept silently. Darnley, whose feelings were far less enviable even than those of his injured wife,

continued to protest ‘that no harm was intended.’ He had said so at first, and he repeated the same words even after the cries of the murdered victim were hushed in death.

The present volume brings the history down to the time of Darnley’s proposed departure to France, the prevention of which the biographer urges as conclusive proof of the continued attachment of Mary to her husband:

‘If her desire of being rid of her handsome young husband were indeed so great, why did she not permit him to retire to France without opposition? It would have been easy enough for her to have had him murdered or imprisoned there, through her all-powerful kindred, if she had cherished those evil intentions against him of which her calumniators accuse her. Why, then, we repeat, did she not let him go? Is there the female heart that has ever felt the power of a constant and enduring love—a love which neither time nor circumstance can alienate—that does not mentally reply, ‘Because she was a faithful wife, and a fond, weak woman, whose realm would have been to her as a desert in the absence of the object of her yearning affection, unworthy though he were of her regard?’

Miss Strickland is approaching the most difficult part of her work, and we are curious to see how she will sustain the part of an apologist and advocate, where even Tytler and other warmest panegyrists of the unfortunate queen find it necessary to speak of her with regretful pity.

Blue Jackets; or, Chips of the Old Block. A Narrative of the Gallant Exploits of British Seamen, and of the Principal Events in the Naval Service during the Reign of Queen Victoria. By W. H. S. Kingston, Esq. Grant and Griffith.

We have read this book with far more pleasure than the report of the recent Peace Conference. *Pax queritur bello*, was the motto of Oliver Cromwell, and the spirit of the words actuates every brave and good warrior. Sir Charles Napier, in his excellent speech at Edinburgh, declared that he never fought but for the sake of putting an end to fighting, and that the only justifiable end of war was to secure peace and good-will on earth. As human nature is constituted, there will always be violence and oppression and wrong, and these must be met by force, when appeals to reason and conscience will not be listened to. The gallant Admiral surprised his commercial and sentimental audience at the Peace Conference, by declaring that none were so opposed to war as military and naval men, because they knew best its horrors and its evils. Nelson and Wellington were memorable and sufficient instances of this, and Sir Charles Napier made effective reference to their well-known love of peace. Happy is it when power is used in the service of freedom, justice, and philanthropy. Such has long been the honourable distinction of the British nation. Not for conquest or aggression, or other objects of ambition and wrong, but for self-defence, and in behalf of civilization and humanity, the British arms, by sea and land, sustain their renown. Mr. Kingston’s account of some of the services of the navy during the reign of Victoria, proves that ‘the Blue Jackets’ of the present day are ‘true chips of the old block’ in skill, daring, and spirit, worthy successors of the men who conquered at the Nile and Trafalgar. They prove, too, that—

‘The British Navy is not kept up for mere pomp and parade, or for supporting in idleness any class of the community; but that whenever hard blows

have been exchanged, it has given and taken a fair share of them—that it has been ever actively employed in protecting British Colonies and British Commerce in all parts of the world—that through its means disputes have been settled, which could in no other way have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and might have plunged the nation in war—that it has ever been found engaged on the side of justice and humanity—that not only has it, on numberless occasions, preserved the lives and property of British subjects, but also the existence of thousands of human beings of all nations and creeds, and of every degree of civilization, who would, without its aid, have been doomed to destruction—that, by its exertions, British trade to China, South America, and many other parts of the world, has been immeasurably increased—that with much suffering and sacrifice of life it has, in the most pestiferous of climates, greatly decreased, and in some places suppressed, the nefarious slave-trade—that for the benefit of science and navigation, it has explored the most distant regions, penetrating to the icy poles as well as up the rivers of Africa—that it has surveyed a wide extent of coast, visited constantly by merchantmen, though to their great peril, often before imperfectly known—that it has made the British name loved and respected in all lands—and that without a single exception, under circumstances the most difficult and trials the most appalling, it has ever been found willing and ready nobly to do its duty."

The records commence with the capture of Aden in 1839, and the war in Syria in 1840, concluding with the story of the late Burmese war, the African coast blockade, and the North Polar expeditions. Many readers will be surprised to find that the British navy has been engaged in so much active service during the comparatively peaceful reign of Victoria. Besides those above-named, the chief narratives of Mr. Kingston's book relate to the war in China, suppression of piracy in Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago, the Niger expedition, the warfare on the rivers La Plata and Parana in 1845, the New Zealand war, 1845 to 1847, and the destruction of Lagos. Other occasional services occurred during the same period, and in a separate chapter an account is given of spirited and gallant exploits, in which the courage and humanity of British sailors have been displayed otherwise than in actual warfare. Of the latter class of incidents the following is one out of multitudes of instances:—

"Her Majesty's ship *Collingwood*, Captain R. Smart, was lying off the port of Callao, in China, on the 20th of August, 1844. There were at the time two mates on board, Mr. Roderick Dew and the Hon. Frederick William Walpole. The latter officer had, it appears, in the afternoon gone on board a cutter-yacht belonging to a gentleman at Callao. As night came on there was a fresh breeze blowing, which knocked up a short choppy sea. It was also very dark, so that objects at any distance from the ship could scarcely be discerned. The officer of the first watch on that night was Lieutenant R. Quin, and the mate of the watch was Mr. R. Dew. In those seas the currents run very rapidly, and where the ship lay there was a very strong tide. Just as the quarter-masters had gone below to call the officers of the middle watch, it being then close upon 12 o'clock, the look-out man forward reported a boat ahead under sail. The Lieutenant of the watch, on going to the gangway, observed a small cutter on the starboard bow, which, as well as he could make out, through the obscurity, appeared to be hove to. He judged, from the position of the cutter, that she wished to communicate with the ship, but it was impossible to see what was taking place on board her. Shortly afterwards a dark object was observed on the water on the starboard bow approaching the ship, but it did not look like a boat. When it was at the distance of seventy or eighty

yards, it was hailed by the sentry. An answer was returned, but too indistinctly for the officers afloat to understand what was said. The sentry, however, on the forecastle seems to have made out the answer, for he instantly sung out the startling cry of 'A man overboard!' No boats were down at the time, and in that hot tideway in another minute the drowning man would have been swept past the ship, and carried, in all probability, out to sea, where he must have perished. Mr. Dew was forward; whether or not he knew who was the person in peril of his life, I cannot say, probably any human being would equally have claimed his aid; but without a moment's hesitation, he jumped fearlessly overboard, and swam to the assistance of the man he supposed was drowning. He struck out bravely, but could not at first succeed in the object for which he was aiming. Meantime the order for lowering a boat was given, but long before she was got into the water, the figure of a human being was discerned close to the ship. The sentry again hailed, when a voice, which was recognised as that of Mr. Walpole's, answered with a cry for help. Mr. Dew cheered him up, by letting him know that he was coming to his assistance, and very soon after he got up to him, and found him clinging to a small boat, full of water, and as he was encumbered with a heavy pea-coat, holding on with the greatest difficulty. Mr. Dew, who was lightly clad and fresh, enabled him to guide the swamped boat up to the ship, near which the current was of itself carrying her. As they passed near the gangway a coil of rope was hove to them, which they getting hold of, the boat was hauled alongside, and Mr. Walpole and his gallant preserver, Mr. Dew, were brought safely upon deck. Mr. Walpole then gave an account of the accident which had befallen him. He had shoved off from the cutter in her dingy, which was very soon swamped, and as the tide would not allow him to regain her, he was being carried rapidly to destruction, and would, he gratefully asserted, have inevitably perished, had it not been for the heroic conduct of Mr. Dew, who, under Providence, was thus the means of preserving his life."

It must have been very gratifying to the author to record among the examples of gallant conduct some of the services of a nephew of his own, Lieutenant A. B. Kingston. Of these a graphic description is given, too long to quote, but the nature of them will be gathered from the official certificate given by his commanding officer, Captain Tucker, of H.M.S. *Wolverine*:—

"These are to certify to my Lords-Commissioners of the Admiralty, that Mr. Arthur B. Kingston (mate), served as supernumerary mate on board Her Majesty's sloop under my command, from the 23rd day of November, 1829, to the date hereof, during which time, by his judgment and presence of mind, he saved the lives of four of this sloop's crew, when he had charge of the *Lark* schooner (detained in the river here for being engaged in the slave trade) when bringing her out of the river, in company with another detained schooner (the *Asp*) in command of Lieut. Du-maresq, senior lieutenant of this sloop, when both vessels were in imminent danger of being lost on the bar, over which the sea was running very high and breaking very heavy. The *Asp* having crossed the inner bar, and being outside the *Lark*, and on the outer bar, had the pinnace and gig of this sloop in a tremendous sea washed away from the stern, with four men in them, the *Lark* at the time being on the inner bar, with the sea breaking over and into the vessel, and in great danger of being lost. Mr. Kingston, seeing the imminent danger the men were in, and that they must be lost if he did not pick them up, let his anchor go when he considered the vessel in that position when, if brought up, the boat must drift close to him, when the sea made clear breaches over the vessel, and nearly filled her; but he had the happiness of saving the lives of the four men in the boat, by throwing ropes into the boat as

they drifted close by, saving not only the lives of the men, but the boats, having himself lost the boat of the vessel and the cutter of this sloop which had been secured astern, the cutter having been thrown by one of the rollers in and on the quarter of the *Lark*, where she remained until the next sea and roll, when she fell over the side and sank. On picking up the boat, Mr. Kingston not being able to shorten in the cable and weigh, slipped the cable and made sail, and after many risks of striking on the bars, for which he had no pilot, he succeeded in taking the vessel out, although it was sunset when he saved the men, and dark before he got clear of the bar."

"Mr. Kingston also jumped overboard from this sloop in the river at Sierra Leone, to save a boy who had fallen overboard, and, in falling, struck against the sweeps on the top-sail-yard, stowed on the quarter. During the time he served on board the *Wolverine*, Mr. Kingston conducted himself in every respect very much to my satisfaction."

The services of the African squadron have been conspicuous, both for special actions of daring and spirit, and for the general results to civilization and humanity. From the history of the destruction of Lagos, long the most infamous den of the slave-traders, we give one passage:—

"All being ready, the boats, as before mentioned, in line abreast, pulled in towards the stockade, where the best place for landing appeared to exist, keeping up all the time a continued fire of spherical, grape, and canister shot. As the boats touched the shore, they received a discharge directly in their faces, of some 1500 muskets, but notwithstanding this, they undauntedly landed, and forming on the beach, after some severe fighting they forced their way into the stockade, driving out the enemy, who fled into the thick bush close to the rear of it. Among those who had landed and charged with Captain Lyster were Mr. Walling and Mr. Spruole, surgeons of the *Penelope*, and who afterwards exposed themselves equally in their attendance on the wounded under fire. Scarcely had the blacks retreated than Lieut. Corbett rushed ahead, and spiked all the guns in the fort."

"This object being accomplished, Capt. Lyster issued orders for the re-embarkation of the party, but scarcely had he done so, when it was discovered that the enemy having made a desperate rush at the first life-boat, had succeeded in getting hold of her, and were tracking her along the beach towards the spot where the guns were posted which had first opened on the *Teazer*. On seeing this, the British, headed by their gallant leader, Captain Lyster, hurried down to the shore for the purpose of retaking her, but some delay occurred in consequence of having to divide her crew of sixty men among the other boats, which somewhat crowded them. The enemy, on seeing this, rushed back from their concealment in the woods, by swarms, and poured in a destructive crushing fire on the boats, at pistol range. On this occasion, a gallant young officer, Mr. F. R. Fletcher, midshipman, in command of the second cutter, and who had charge of the boats while on shore, was shot through the head and killed. Several officers and men had before been wounded on shore, among whom was Lieut. Williams of the Marine Artillery, who, though hit in three places, had continued at the head of his men till they returned to the boats. Commander Hillyar was also wounded, and very many of the men were killed. Among the latter was James Webb, gunner's mate, belonging to the first life-boat. When he saw that she was likely to fall into the hands of the blacks, he made a desperate attempt to spike her guns, but while thus engaged, he was cut down by the enemy and mortally wounded. While Commander Hillyar was arranging the boats, so that they might keep up their fire as they retreated to the *Teazer*, some of the Kroomen on board Mr. Beecroft's *Victoria* let go her anchor, and there she lay exposed entirely to the fire of the blacks. On seeing this, Captain Lyster pulled back to her to learn what was the

matter—“What has occurred now?” he asked of Mr. Blight, the boatswain. “The Kroomen let go the anchor without orders,” he replied. “Then slip your cable and get out of this,” exclaimed Captain Lyster. “It’s a chain-cable, clenched to the bottom, and we can’t unshackle it,” replied Mr. Blight. On hearing this disheartening intelligence, Captain Lyster jumped on board to see what assistance he could render. Just then, Lieut. Corbett staggered up towards the stern, exclaiming, “I have done it, and am alive!” In truth, he had cut the chain-cable with a cold chisel, and in so doing, while leaning over the bows of the boat, had received five different wounds, which, with the addition of a severe one received on shore, rendered him almost helpless. His right arm was hanging to his side, but he still with his left worked away, and assisted in getting the *Victoria* off to the *Teazer*. While Captain Lyster was leaving the *Victoria* to get into his own boat, he was shot in the back with a musket-ball. On account of the hot fire to which they were still exposed, and the number of men already killed and wounded, he judged that he should not be justified in attempting to recover the life-boat on that occasion. Leaving her, therefore, on the beach, the party returned to the *Teazer*. The people who had at first got possession of the life-boat had afterwards abandoned her, but they now returned, and some forty or fifty got into her, intending to carry her off. Seeing this, Mr. Balfour, acting-mate, assisted by Mr. Dewar, gunner, pulling back to the shore in the first cutter, threw a rocket towards her, and so well directed was it, that it entered her magazine, and blew it up. As soon as the party got back to the *Teazer* (having now pretty well silenced the fire of the enemy) they set to work to get all the provisions out of her, and then having thrown overboard all her coals, with the exception of ten tons, they contrived to shore her up, to await the rising of the tide. At length their exertions were crowned with success, and at sunset they succeeded in heaving her off. Then getting up the steam, they anchored out of gun-shot for the night.

“On this unfortunate occasion there were no less than 13 men killed belonging to H. M. S. *Penelope*, besides Mr. Fletcher and Mr. H. M. Gillham, master’s assistant, who afterwards died of his wounds; while Captain Lyster, Commander Hillyar, Lieut. Corbett, and First Lieut. of Marines, J. W. C. Williams, were wounded severely, together with 57 men of the *Penelope*, and 2 of the *Teazer*, most of them also very severely wounded. Crowded together in so small a vessel during the night, the poor fellows suffered severely, though the medical officers of the expedition, Mr. R. Carpenter, senior surgeon, Mr. Walling, assistant-surgeon of the *Penelope*, Dr. Barclay, acting-surgeon, and Dr. Sproule, assistant-surgeon, exerted themselves to their very utmost in the performance of their duty on the wounded. During the day they had never flinched from exposing their own lives, as, in the midst of the fire, they stepped from boat to boat to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and dying.

“Soon after 7 o’clock in the morning, the *Teazer* was got under weigh, and finding the right channel, steamed up towards the *Bloodhound*, with the squadron of boats in her company. As soon as she was seen from the *Bloodhound*, Captain Jones ordered that the guns of the *Bloodhound*’s gunboats should open a deliberate flanking fire on the west part of the enemy’s defences, and he then sent a boat under Mr. Bullen, his clerk, who was acting as his aid-de-camp, to point out to Captain Lyster the position in which he wished the *Teazer* to be anchored. At 8-10 the *Teazer* having anchored, Captain Jones pulled on board her, to consult further with Captain Lyster on their plan of proceeding. The rocket-boats were then ordered to take up a position to the northward of the *Bloodhound*. This was quickly done, and Lieut. Marshall threw some rockets with beautiful effect, setting fire to several houses, among which, to the satisfaction of all, was that of the Prime Minister Tappis. When this was seen, a hearty and spontaneous cheer ran through the whole squadron for the crew of the

rocket-boat who had thus punished the chief instigator of the former attack on the British boats. After this, the rocket-boat shifted her position ahead of the *Teazer*, and a general but deliberate fire was opened from the whole force. At 10-45 Lieut. Marshall threw a rocket which struck the battery below Tappis’s house, and at the same time a shot from the *Teazer* capsized the gun. The firing became still more rapid—an awful explosion ensued—a magazine of the enemy’s had blown up, and from this moment the fate of Lagos was decided.”

As sinister influences have recently been brought to bear on a portion of the British press, and attempts have been made to excite public feeling against the continuance of the African coast blockade, it is encouraging to find the results of the benevolent efforts of England thus described by one who has paid anxious attention to the subject:—

“Regarded merely in a selfish point of view, for its commercial results, England will be repaid for every dollar she has expended upon this enterprise, not only by the market she will have created in Africa for her manufactures, but likewise in the immense amount of valuable products that will be brought to her own shores from that country. But if these results acquire importance in connexion with commercial enterprise, how must they appear when contemplated in the light of humanity! We cannot contemplate this sudden and wonderful development of commerce in any other light than as one of those efficient agencies employed by Providence, not only to raise up Africa from the lowest depths of barbarism, but to place her on a footing of respectability with the most favoured nations of the earth. The squadron has also put down piracy most completely, and has enabled a number of settlements belonging to various nations to exist and flourish. But it has done more than that, it has aided in protecting a number of zealous workers in Christ’s vineyard, who have been employed in sowing the seeds of the gospel in the land. ‘To the south of Sierra Leone, and between that and the Equator, that part of the coast where the efforts of the squadron to put down the slave-trade have been most successful, there have been founded, in fifteen or sixteen years, as many as twelve independent missions, at the distance of 100 or 200 miles from each other, embracing three times that number of distinct stations along the coast, and a still greater number of out-stations in the interior. The gospel is stately preached to thousands and hundreds of thousands, not only along the frontier regions, but far in the interior. More than 10,000 youths are now receiving a Christian education in the schools connected with these missions, and will ere long be sent forth to spread the blessings of education and Christianity far and near among the benighted inhabitants of the land.’

“In all these varied ways has the British squadron rendered important service to the cause of humanity. It has put down piracy on the African seas; has restored peace and tranquillity to a line of sea-coast of more than 2,000 miles; has called into existence a large and flourishing commerce, and, at the same time, has thrown the shield of its protection over the cause of Christian missions, and all the varied agency that has been employed to promote the cause of humanity and civilization among the benighted inhabitants of this great continent. If these great objects are not worthy of British philanthropy, we know not where to find those that are.”

Of the suppression of piracy in the seas of Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago a long account is given, and the following spontaneous testimony is borne to the enterprise and humanity of Sir James Brooke:—

“The accounts I have above given will sufficiently show the nature of the work the British squadron on the coast of Borneo is called on to perform, and the character of the people with whom it has to contend, as also the difficulties our gallant officers and men have to encounter, and triumph-

ing over them, the benefit they have secured, both to the native inhabitants and to Great Britain herself. When Mr. Brooke first went to Borneo, he found the country desolated by internal wars, the strong remorselessly preying on the weak in every direction, and though possessing soil abounding in the most valuable natural productions, and capable of yielding, under cultivation, an almost unlimited supply of the fruits of the earth, yet without any domestic or foreign commerce. Within a few years, by his enlightened exertions, he has, in a great degree, put a stop to piracy, by aid of the naval force placed at his disposal, he has induced the native tribes to live at peace with each other, and to attend to agriculture, and he has opened up an increasing commercial intercourse through all parts of the country. There breathes not a truer patriot or a more honest single-minded man than James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. He has since received the honour of knighthood; but such a man honours those who bestow honours on him—by accepting them. Whatever may be said to the contrary, we may be well assured that the British squadron on the coast of Borneo has not only supported the cause of humanity, but has advanced, in no small degree, the material interests of Great Britain.”

Out of hundreds of instances of personal gallantry or of disciplined courage, it is difficult to select individual cases, and we must refer our readers to the book itself. If the naval service required any defence or eulogy, the mere statement of some of the facts recorded in Mr. Kingston’s pages would suffice. They show that the noble spirit of British seamen is as conspicuous now as in the days of Blake and Nelson, while their services are directed to objects, the importance and beneficence of which may well secure the sympathy and respect of the nation.

NOTICES.

A Schoolmaster’s Difficulties Abroad and at Home.
Longman and Co.

If the calling of the schoolmaster is important and honourable, it has also peculiar trials and difficulties. To describe these, and to offer counsel and direction for meeting them, is the praiseworthy object of this little treatise. The remarks are usually judicious and practical, and the book is written in a kindly and pious spirit. We hope that the time is at hand when the authorized teacher of the young will no longer be looked upon as a mere drudge of the parish, and noticed patronizingly as “the poor schoolmaster.” The elevation of the standard of learning required by the College of Preceptors, and the superior teachers sent out by the Normal Training Schools, will secure a higher position for those engaged in the public instruction of the young. But there will always be many to whom the lot of hardship and trouble will fall, and for these especially this work will prove a welcome handbook. It is adapted to the existing state of the profession, chapters being devoted to the relation in which teachers stand to committees, inspectors, and other authorities, as well as to pupils and pupil-teachers. Useful hints are also added on personal character and habits. We are much pleased with the spirit and the matter of the book, and commend it cordially to the scholastic profession. It is intended for female teachers as well as those of the other sex, the term schoolmaster being used in its generic sense, to avoid repetition of the same words.

Droits et Deroirs des Envoyés Diplomatiques.
Documents recueillis et arrangés, par E. C. Grenville Murray. Bentley.

MR. MURRAY has compiled a very useful practical handbook of the rights and duties of foreign envoys. Under this department of diplomatic knowledge and experience are embraced many important subjects, including passports, instructions, Custom-house privileges, police relations, official correspondence, forms of receptions and of

audiences, and a variety of other matters affecting the position and service of envoys in foreign countries. By arbitrary custom and recorded precedents these matters are chiefly regulated, and Mr. Murray has collected under each head statements and examples bearing upon the several topics. Much of the book relates to what Carlyle would sneeringly call the science of red-tape, but as the world goes such knowledge is essential to official men, and some acquaintance with it will afford interesting and not unprofitable study to the general reader. On the rights of legislation, and other questions of international law, Walsingham, Milton, Temple, Rymer, Grotius, Puffendorff, Leibnitz, Vattel, Selden, Franklin, and other great men, have written, and some of the most memorable events in all history have turned on what mere library and fire-side philosophers like Carlyle rail at as official trifles. That there should be less mystery and less mummery connected with diplomacy all men of sense are agreed, but while the courtly forms and political arrangements of the old-world nations continue, the study of them is necessary even for the envoys of the American Republic. Mr. Murray's book is written in French, which is the common language of diplomacy in Europe, and is to matters of state, as the author remarks, "what Latin is to the doctors, what Norman-French was to the law, what Greek was to the civilized world when the New Testament was written."

Kismet; or, the Doom of Turkey. By Charles Macfarlane. Bowsworth.

MR. MACFARLANE'S ready and fluent pen is at home on every topic of the time, and subjects the most diverse are treated by him with equal ardour and facility. A panegyric on Wellington or Marlborough, the Camp at Chobham or the Empire of Japan, the glory of Naples or the doom of Turkey—these and many other themes attest the diligence and versatility of one of the most fecund and popular writers of the day. The affairs of Turkey are not new to Mr. Macfarlane. In 1829 he published 'Constantinople in 1828: or, a Residence of Sixteen Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces,' and in 1850, 'Turkey and its Destiny,' the result of journeys made in 1847 and 1848, to examine into the state of that country. Passing events give interest to every authentic and recent account of a country of so much political importance, and in the present work the results of Mr. Macfarlane's personal observations and researches are presented. The political opinions of the author may not always obtain the reader's concurrence, but the book is instructive from the facts which it records, and pleasing from the style in which it is written. Those whose sympathies have been recently awakened in behalf of Turkey by fear or hatred of Russia, will find in this volume much that will tend to modify if not change their sentiments. If the protection of civilized Europe is to be thrown over the Ottoman Empire, it is certainly not from anything good in Turkish manners or institutions, as contrasted with the most barbarous of other regions of the world. The reformatory about which much has been reported, have mostly been made under the pressure of political emergency. There is no internal vitality or tendency to improvement in the effete Ottoman Empire. Mr. Macfarlane gives sad accounts of the real state of the country and of its rulers, including the present Grand Vizier, Redschid Pacha. At the present juncture this is an important book in its political bearings, as well as entertaining to the general reader as giving lively sketches of Turkish life and manners. Mr. Macfarlane, after re-visiting Turkey in 1850, states it as his decided conviction that the country is in "an incomparably worse condition" now than when he left it in 1828, and that "the last twenty years have not been years of progress, but years of rapid, awful decline."

The Theory of Moral Sentiments. To which is added A Dissertation on the Origin of Languages.

By Adam Smith, LL.D., F.R.S., with the Memoir of the Author by Dugald Stewart. Bohn. Of Adam Smith's celebrated ethical treatise a new

edition appears in Bohn's Standard Library. The 'Dissertation on the Origin of Languages,' a valuable philosophical and philological tract, is appended. The account of the life and works of the author, by Dugald Stewart, is one of the most pleasing and masterly pieces of biographical writing in the language. It is a model of what Memoirs of distinguished men ought to be, as indeed are all the Lives written by Stewart. The tendency in modern biography is to indulge in diffuseness, and to diverge needlessly into collateral subjects—a fault of which there is no ground for complaint in this eloquent memoir. Yet it is rich in recollections and descriptions of contemporary times and events, while affording an accurate and critical notice of Adam Smith's life and works.

Memoirs of an Ex-Capuchin; or, Scenes of Modern Monastic Life. By Girolamo Volpe. Partridge and Oakley.

THE name of Signor Girolamo Volpe is already favourably known as the translator into Italian of Mr. Samuel Warren's apologue of the 'Crystal Palace,' the 'Lily and the Bee,' as well as by other literary associations. In this volume Signor Volpe appears as the narrator of some passages in the life of a friend and compatriot, Vincenzo Crespi, formerly a Capuchin friar, but now, like his biographer, a Protestant. The narrative has every internal appearance of being a genuine and faithful story of real life, and, as such, affords a striking picture of modern Italian society, and an instructive illustration of the religious system by which Southern Europe is kept in mental degradation and slavery. We do not know what assistance Signor Volpe may have had in the composition or the revision of his book, but it is admirably written, and displays mastery of the English language rare in a foreigner. It is a very interesting narrative, and one likely to prove useful were it circulated in Italian among Signor Crespi's countrymen.

Gertrude and Enneline, and other Poems. By a Manchester Lady. Saunders and Otley.

WE have little belief in the inspiration of locality, and would be no more surprised to find a good poem produced in Manchester than a good chintz. Rather are we prejudiced favourably in our perusal of what may seem to be a work appearing under circumstances little suggestive of poetic associations. The Manchester Lady is not, however, a poet whom even critical gallantry can flatter as a modern Calliope. The pieces are not marked by originality or other peculiar merit, yet some of them are pleasing from their spirit and from their subject, and others are not devoid of poetical elegance. The romance of 'The Three Students' is the best piece in the book, both in the sentiments and the style. Three students are described as about to part, destined for different paths of noble effort, the first going as a missionary to the heathen, the second as a volunteer in an Arctic searching expedition, and the third devoting himself to works of practical benevolence at home, the poem pointing out the equal though diverse heroism of the three young friends. The ode to Thomas Wright, the prison philanthropist, contains a noble tribute to his labours of Christian benevolence. We quote some of the stanzas:—

"But in the path of humble life, with lowly garb and mien,
I see an old and simple man, in whom no guile hath been;
No riches hath he to bestow, no worldly wealth hath he,
Yet in his heart there dwelleth a store of wide benignity.

"Oh! bow thy head, thou warrior—thou Poet, turn aside,
A greater yet than he is here, with all your fame and pride!

"* * * * *

"Amongst the fierce and black-hearted, the villain and the knave,
He goeth with his gentle mien, with gentle words to save;

"He prayeth with the penitent, he mourneth with the sad,
He hatcheth not the murderer, he scorneth not the bad.

"* * * * *

"His spirit is akin to that of man before he fell,
Crown him with amaranth, for the angels love him well.

"Oh! thou great-soul'd—thus to thee my tribute do I bring,
Thou, who ne'er these lines may see, or know of thee I sing;

"Thou art a type of what the world were in a holier state,
Peopled with one vast family, in union strong and great;

"Thou true and pure! a holier crown will fit thy brow ere long,

"But thy name shall live in story—in household word and song."

We are little disposed to criticise closely the poetical faults of a writer whose sympathy with

worth and goodness, as expressed in this ode, commands our admiration and respect.

Spare Moments. By W. F. Sayer. G. Pope. We may well give some 'spare moments' to read what has doubtless cost Mr. Sayer many an anxious and laborious hour to write. The inspiration of genius we do not find in his poems, but true love of nature, earnest feeling, and careful descriptions, they certainly display. Of the latter we give a specimen quite after the manner of Crabbe:—

"In yonder court where noxious vapours rise,
And fetid filth in every corner lies;
Where the bright sun thro' heaven's expansive way,
Is seldom felt or seen throughout the day,
And the blue sky, scarce opening to the sight,
Pours in the area dark a doubtful light;
Entomb'd, deprived of heaven's reviving breath,
The pale-faced tenants labour on till death.
Behold that hut with broken casements hung,
Where the faint voice of poverty hath rung;
Where, in the dark obscure retreat I show
A world of misery and a home of woe.
Just glance within, and scan the vile abode—
To sickness and to death the hateful road.
Successive dews of misery strain the sight,
Foul as the tomb, and dismal as the night;
Here in a corner lies a ragged bed—
A sack for carpet in confusion spread;
A bench for table—and a broken chair,
Complete the chattels, with a cupboard bare;
Lo! in the room that forms the basement floor,
A famish'd family of half a score
Huddled as swine, eat, drink, sojourn, and sleep;
Some groan for anguish, some in sorrow weep;
Shut from the world, stern penury denies
Their social right to all that God supplies;
Unknown, unseen, unpitied, and forgot,
Victims of poverty, how hard their lot!"

In some of the minor pieces there is vivacity and humour, and the lines on 'May Morning' would make a capital glee-song.

SUMMARY.

A WELL-WRITTEN and pleasing tale for young people, *May Dundas; or, Passages in Young Life*, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart (Hall, Virtue, and Co.), describes the fortunes in London of a brother and sister, children of a Scottish clergyman. In a *Memoir of Rosa E. C. Nicholson*, edited by Charles S. Stanford, A.M. (Herbert, Dublin), a striking narrative is given of the religious experience of a young lady who had become deaf when a child. The letters of the late Rev. W. H. Krause give additional value to the biographical sketch, and in their pious and practical tone display the pastor in a pleasing light. Of the Countess D'Orsay's novel, *Clouded Happiness*, a translation is published, (Vizetelly and Co.), which presents to English readers various phases of foreign character and manners, while there may be traced in the story some incidents similar to scenes in real life with which the author's name has been associated. But we must say that the book is one which we would rather have found untranslated, and that the less that French principles and proceedings, such as form the staple of the book, are known in England the better. The writer proposes certain morals to be drawn from the narrative, but the readers to whom such a book is acceptable are not likely to seek for more than the excitement of the scenes which are described.

A new edition is published, revised and enlarged, of *Hall's Greek Roots* (C. Evans). A valuable book for philological study, and for common use in understanding the derivation and meaning of words. The work is on the plan of the 'Latin Roots,' published many years by the author's father, the utility of which has long been widely recognised. A *Complete System of Arithmetic* (Oliver and Boyd), theoretical and practical, by James Trotter, of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, is a carefully compiled treatise by a teacher of much experience, in which the labours of former authors have been examined, and a comprehensive and complete elementary manual prepared for the use of schools. In the 'School Series,' edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Inspector-General of Military Schools, *Elements of Book-keeping* (Longman and Co.), by A. K. Isbister, is a clear and concise elementary book for commercial schools. A *Synoptic Table of the Genders of French Substantives*, by E. B. Vallet (H. Adams),

presents tabular statements, and lists of terminations, and of words according to their terminations, masculine or feminine, with all the exceptions—a book of useful study or of reference in a department which often proves puzzling to French pupils.

Two poetical effusions, *Irene*, a tale in two cantos, by Charles Walker (Saunders and Otley), and the *Young King*, by Edmund Winder (W. Tweedie), we must pass without special notice, although the latter consists of between twelve and thirteen hundred of what the author calls heroic couplets, narrative, descriptive, and dramatic. *The Chalice of Nature*, and other poems, by Foliott Sandford Pierpoint, are very creditable to an author so young, and give token of some capacity for successful poetical writing. But we are always unwilling to give encouragement to young authors to devote time, that might be more profitably employed, to the cultivation of a field productive of valuable fruit only in rare cases of genius, industry, and taste.

In the Library Edition of the Waverley Novels (A. and C. Black), the eighteenth volume contains the historical romance of Redgauntlet, the frontispiece being an engraving, by G. B. Shaw, of Le Tocque's picture of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart. The vignette presents Benjie and the Quaker with his pony. We have before spoken of the excellent typography of this edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

In Bohn's Classical Library a translation is given of Cicero's *Treatises on the Nature of the Gods, Divination, Fate, the Republic, and the Laws*, by C. D. Yonge, B.A. The greater part of the versions here printed is adapted from the translation of Mr. Francis Barham, published in 1841, but now revised and rendered more closely literal. The letter of Quintus Cicero to his brother, the great orator, on standing for the Consulship, is now for the first time rendered into English by Mr. Yonge.

In the Antiquarian Library an acceptable addition to the works of early English history is *The Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy*, by Ordericus Vitalis, translated with notes, and the introduction of Guizot, by Thomas Forester, M.A. Ordericus was an English Benedictine monk, who wrote at the close of the eleventh century, when the connexion between England and Normandy was intimate, and his work supplies much important and curious historical information. The translator has fulfilled his duties with intelligence and care, and the notes are numerous and appropriate.

The new issue of *Southern's Poetical Works* is continued, (Vizetelly and Co.), Madoc, and Thalaba the Destroyer, being added to the series. The same publishers have prepared a popular account of *The Chinese Revolution*, (Vizetelly and Co.), illustrated with engravings, in which the substance of what is yet known of the Chinese rebellion is collected and arranged in a brief narrative. In Bentley's Railway Library a new number contains *John Drayton; or, the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer*. *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* (Clarke, Beeton, and Co.) is a repertory of miscellaneous matter, instructive, entertaining, and practical, and the illustrative wood-cuts are of a superior kind.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Almanach de Gotha, 1854, 5s.
Bickersteth's *Lord's Supper*, 14th edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d.
Browning's (E. B.) Poems, 3rd edition, 2 vols, 12mo, 16s.
Christie Johnston, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Clacy's *Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings* in 1852, 10s. 6d.
Coleridge's (Sarah) *Pretty Tales in Verse*, 6th edition, 2s.
Cowper's Poems, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Cumming's *Lectures on Miracles, &c.*, new edit., 2 v., 9s. 2s.
Daily Family Devotion, 4to, cloth, £1 1s.
Davidson's Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon, 2nd edition, £2 2s.
Every-Day Book, 2 vols., cloth, each 3s.
Finlawson's *New Government Succession Duties Tables*, 5s.
Grant's *Run Through Continental Countries*, 2 vols., £1 1s.
Heathfield's Contributions to the Postulates and Data, 5s.
Heath's *Future Kingdom of Christ*, Vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Hunt's (John) *Spiritual Songs of Luther*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Jarrold's *Farmer's Labour*, 4to, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Kendall's (Rev. J.) *Rambles of an Evangelist*, 12mo, cloth, 2s.

Lieber's (F.) *Civil Liberty and Self-Government*, 8vo, 15s.
Margaret: or, *Prejudice at Home*, 2 vols., post 8vo, bds., 7s.
Martineau's (H.) *Playfellow*, Vols. 1 and 2, cloth, each 2s. 7s.
Mother's Coal Mines, their Dangers & Means of Safety, 3s. 6d.
Neal's (A. B.) *All is not Gold that Glitters*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Nicholson's (Miss R. E. C.) *Memoir*, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Percival's *Hippopathology*, Vol. 2, Part 1, 8vo, boards, 10s.
Pereira's *Materia Medica*, 3rd edition, Vol. 2, Part 2, £1 4s.
Picture Pleasure Book, 2nd series, 4to, boards, 6s.
Robins's (W.) *Paddington Past and Present*, post 8vo, 5s.
Romaine's *Discourses on the Law and the Gospel*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Rouse's *Stamp Duties*, with Supplement, 12mo, boards, 5s.
Schoolmaster's (The) *Difficulties*, 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Sell's *Journal of a Summer Tour*, Parts 1 and 2, each 1s. 6d.
Part 3, 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
——— Complete, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Shopkeeper's Guide, 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Stephen's *Gospel History of Our Lord and Saviour*, 6s. 6d.
Thomson's (W.) *Atoning Work of Christ*, 8vo, cloth, 3s.
Universal Library, Part 25—*Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 2s.
Valentini's (Dr. G.) *Physiology*, 8vo, cloth, £1 5s.
Warburton's *Crescent and the Cross*, 10th edition, 10s. 6d.

MEETING OF THE GERMAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE German Naturalists and Physicians held their thirtieth meeting this year at Tübingen, on the 18th ultimo. It was attended by about 580 members, including a moderate sprinkling of French and Russians, two Americans, and a few English. For the following report of its proceedings we are indebted to a German member of the Association, who writes to us in English:—

Hanover, Oct. 13th.

Our meeting at Tübingen was not so numerous as that last year at Wiesbaden, (of which you gave an interesting account in your journal). Tübingen, though offering considerable attractions, by its situation in one of the finest parts of Swabia, by its scientific institutions, and by its reputation as a University, is not yet connected with the great European railway net; and people do not like travelling now in slow mail-coaches even for a day. Another cause was, that the president, Professor Hugo von Mohl, elected last year, did not do his duty. For reasons best known to himself, he did not appreciate the honour which the votes of nearly 1000 scientific men from all parts of the world had conferred upon him. Instead of endeavouring to further the object of the Society, he tried everything in his power to prevent the meeting from being held at all; and when he found that the patriotism of his townsmen did not allow them to go the same way with himself, he departed for Italy, leaving the whole business to be arranged by the vice-president, Mr. Bruns, Professor of Medicine at Tübingen. Professor Bruns, much to his credit, took up the matter warmly, and so thoroughly succeeded in arousing the interest of the University and the towns of the neighbourhood, that the reception of the learned guests was of the most cordial nature. Tübingen itself had a very festive appearance. Outside the gates of the city triumphal arches, with streamers and flags floating upon them, had been erected, and within nearly every house was decorated with garlands of oak-leaves and gay flowers; while spruce-trees had temporarily been planted before some of the buildings, and even in the dwellings of the humbler classes of inhabitants, attempts—aye, and some very successful ones—had been made to do something towards showing that the strangers were heartily welcome. It is unnecessary to develop the effect which such a reception produced upon the meeting; every one seemed to be happy, and at the first general dinner there was such a profusion of spirited speeches and toasts as are seldom heard on similar occasions. Preserving the scientific form, and moving only within the bounds of scientific terminology, several of the speakers told their audience some very amusing things of everyday life, and causing a great deal of laughter. Quenstedt, the geologist, and Veesenmeyer, the botanist, succeeded in rousing the merriment of the party to the highest pitch. On the 21st of September an excursion was made to Rottenburg, an ancient Roman town, and thence to the Niedernau, a modern watering place. There were no less than 600 carriages, including cabs, omnibuses, and mail-coaches. In Rottenburg the naturalists were received by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The principal street was most ingeniously ornamented; about 6000 hop-poles, with the graceful creeper around them, had been erected in suitable distances from each other, thus forming a complete avenue. The appearance they presented contrasted charmingly with the venerable old buildings, and the bright sun, the sweet smell of the hop, the flags and festoons, the music, the friendly faces of the inhabitants, the numerous huzzas, and the waving of handkerchiefs, formed altogether a scene of a very impressive kind. In Niedernau, where, after leaving Rottenburg and passing several villages, the carriages arrived, a good dinner was waiting, the president of the Society being aware that no one descended from Teutonic stock considers a festival complete without something substantial to eat. At dinner, the health of Uhland and Justinus Kerner was drank. The presence of these two old poets, who have both endeared themselves by their patriotism to their countrymen, and have done so much towards making German literature what it is, called forth the greatest enthusiasm, which was the more real in a district which their writings have rendered classical ground, and where one can look at a ruin, or visit a town, that is not already associated in one's mind with some popular ballad or romance of these men. On the 23rd of September, an excursion was made to Reutlingen, formerly one of the free Rix-cities, but now a manufacturing town belonging to Württemberg. In the time of the last revolution, a great political meeting was held here, which gave rise to the fearful struggle in Baden. On the day mentioned, it presented a very peaceable appearance. On passing the boundaries of the town, the naturalists were received by two heralds on horseback, in the costume of the middle ages, both holding banners in their hands. The one was dressed in the colours of Reutlingen; the other in those of Germany—black, red, and gold. Just outside the city gates there was a triumphal arch, and the cathedral and all the steeples of the churches were profusely decorated with flags and streamers. The weather was beautiful. In one of the public gardens the dinner table had been spread in the open air, where at least 1500 people sat down. During dinner a well-conducted band kept playing, but, as during the whole of the meeting, none except pieces by German composers. It was evident that, although every one was anxious to avoid all political colouring, much pain was taken to give a national character to the festival. A fine effect was produced by a chorus of singers, consisting of peasants, both men and women, of the neighbouring district; they were all dressed in their native costume, and headed by a fine-looking fellow of their party, who carried their banner, they marched around the table at which the naturalists were sitting. After dinner, most of the party paid a visit to the Achalm, the ruins of a castle mentioned in one of Uhland's ballads. The view from thence was charming. The vineyards surrounding the ruin, the town of Reutlingen, the rivulets, the distant chain of mountains, with its old feudal castles, formed a pleasing panorama, and amply repaid the exertions of those who, after taking in a hearty dinner, and letting the wine-bottle pass freely, had climbed the summit. In returning about eight o'clock in the evening to Tübingen, there was a firework on the top of the hill on which the castle is built. It produced almost a magical effect to see the old Gothic building illuminated by the different coloured fires, and the numerous rockets, with their blue, red, and white nucleus, shooting up into the sky. In short, there was plenty of amusement during the whole time of the meeting. Balls, concerts, dinner parties alternated with each other; there was even once, so as to give a notion of German student-life, a representation of a "Kneipe," in which

grave professors, throwing aside for a while all reserve, acted the part of students and freshmen.

The scientific part of the meeting was equally satisfactory. In the three general or public sittings none but subjects treated in a popular manner were this time admitted, and all papers that could in the least offend the ear of ladies had been strictly rejected,—a laudable restriction, probably adopted in consequence of the complaints made by the press that medical subjects not intended for any but medical men had been brought forward. One of the first speakers was Jaeger, of Stuttgart, who gave a brief account of the last year's labours of the Imperial L. C. Academy of Naturalists, detailing that, as the first German institution, it had assumed the protectorate over the Societies of German Physicians at Paris and New York, that it had asked for three prize essays, and that the King of Württemberg had shown his good will towards the Academy by presenting it with a sum of money, to be devoted to scientific exploring expeditions.

Schultz, Bip., read an interesting paper "On the Development of the Natural Sciences from the Middle of the Sixteenth Century until the Middle of the Nineteenth." He assumed three periods: 1st, The period when knowledge was handed down by oral tradition; 2nd, When it was propagated by writing; and, 3rd, When perpetuated by printing. The present time he looks upon as the commencement of a fourth period, when, by the intimate international intercourse and the power of steam, knowledge is rapidly diffused. Dove, of Berlin, gave a comprehensive account of the present state of meteorology, and a very clear explanation of the causes which determine the weather of Europe. Carnal spoke on the importance of salt, gold, and coal,—three monosyllables playing an important part in the affairs of the world. He complained of the ignorance prevailing in England on the subject of German coal, and quoted a conversation he had with an Englishman of some scientific standing, who asked him whether there were any coal in Germany?—a question he answered by stating that not only had Germany enough coal for its own demand, but it could supply England and all the world, at the rate coal is now used, for 500 years to come. Fraas gave an account of the oldest inhabitants of the Swabian Alps. It appears that a few years ago fossil teeth were found which some at once declared to be those of man. This determination, however, was called into question, as no human teeth of the mammoth period had ever been found in any part of the globe. Again, these teeth were exhibited last year in Wiesbaden, by Jaeger, when they were generally admitted to be human teeth; one was even sent to Owen, who agreed with the Wiesbaden meeting in pronouncing them to belong to man. The discovery of several almost perfect skulls has set the matter finally at rest: there was a race of men living simultaneously with the mammoth and other huge antediluvian animals. Gimböhl read a paper on "Mosses," explaining their importance in the economy of nature, their great use to man, with whom they appeared together upon the earth. Veesenmeyer gave a spirited sketch of the Kirguises, and with a power of language reminding one of Humboldt's Views of Nature, he described their relation towards plants and animals.

The sectional meetings were well attended. In the Section for Chemistry and Pharmacology there were Fehling, Schlossberger, Leube, Babo, Weidenbusch, Ammermüller, Fresenius, Weltzien, H. Rose, &c.; Fehling and Rose alternately presided. In the Section for Mathematics, Physic, and Astronomy, we noticed Wolfers, Osann, Reusch, Dove, Holtzmann, Gugler, &c.; Dove and Osann presided. The Section for Medicine and Surgery counted the largest number of members. We may mention Ritter, Virchow, Heyfelder, Erlenmeyer, Fraas, Vierordt, &c.; Virchow was elected president. The Botanical Section counted amongst its members

Marteur, Veesenmeyer, De Bary, Stendel, Schmitzlein, Hochstetter, and elected Schultz, Seemann, and Gümble presidents. The Section for Anatomy, Physiology, and Zoology was attended by Luschka, Ecker, Focke, Wutzer, and was presided over by Rapp. The Section for Geology, Mineralogy, and Geography was represented by Carnal, Quenstedt, Strombeck, Glocker, Desor, Gerlach, Stocker, &c., and elected Merian president.

The Imperial L. C. Academy of Naturalists, which may be looked upon as the nucleus of the Society, held two sittings under the presidency of Professors Jaeger and Heyfelder. Dr. Nees von Esenbeck, the president, was unfortunately prevented by illness from attending. In a letter of his addressed to Dr. Jaeger he gave a favourable statement of the affairs of the Academy, showing that there were at present a greater number of first-rate scientific papers for publication in the *Nova Acta* than at any former period. The topics of discussion referred chiefly to the affairs of the Academy, and have not yet been made public.

On the 24th of September the meetings were finally closed. Göttingen was chosen as the place of meeting for 1854, and Professors Listing and Baum were elected Presidents of the Society.

B. S.

DISCOVERY OF ANGLO-SAXON REMAINS.

THE following paper, by J. Y. Akerman, Esq., F.A.S., relating to some investigations that have been made at Harnham during the last few weeks, under the direction of the author, was read by him the week before last, at a meeting of the inhabitants of Salisbury in the Town Council Chamber. Sixty-two skeletons have been exhumed, and a variety of interesting antiquarian relics have come to light.

"In the summer of the present year I saw an announcement in the local newspapers of the discovery of the umbo of a shield and a spear-head on Harnham-hill. Having for many years past made our Anglo-Saxon antiquities my study, and having explored the burial-places of the first Saxon settlers in various counties of England, I at once concluded that this locality was the site of an Anglo-Saxon cemetery, and wrote to your townsmen, Mr. William Fawcett, for particulars, expressing at the same time my earnest desire to explore the field in which it is situated. My request was met in a spirit of kindness and liberality which I cannot adequately acknowledge; Mr. Fawcett communicated immediately with his noble landlord, Lord Folkestone, and the result is before you.

"The spot is called the *Low Field*, not, as has been conjectured, because it is a low tract of ground, but from its having been at one time covered with helows or tumuli, those small conical barrows of which a great number may yet be perceived in various parts of England, but especially in Kent. They are not to be confounded with the larger tumuli which form such conspicuous objects on our Wiltshire Downs, and which are pretty generally ascertained to be of a much earlier period. It is the opinion of some of our antiquaries that Anglo-Saxon interments were of two kinds, *i. e.*, tumular and non-tumular; but with all respect for such opinion, I cannot assent to it; the very word *burial* (bury), a word of Anglo-Saxon origin, shows that the grave was covered with a mound. Thousands of these mounds have, like those at Harnham, been obliterated by the operations of the husbandman: the ploughshare and the spade have destroyed, in numberless instances, the traces of our Anglo-Saxon cemeteries before the introduction of Christianity, when the Pagan mode of interment was abandoned, though, perhaps, gradually and reluctantly, and the bodies of the converted were interred within the grave-yards attached to the newly-erected churches. The first systematic exploration of the barrows of this period was undertaken by the Rev. J. Douglas about sixty years ago, who, in a work entitled 'Nenia Britannica,' published an account of his discoveries, and showed that the grouped tumuli in Kent must be ascribed

to a much later period than had been assigned to them by antiquaries of the Stukeley school—in fact, to the period embraced within the arrival of the Saxons in England and their conversion to Christianity. To the same period I am persuaded the interments at Harnham belong. From the time of Douglas nothing had been done by way of further investigation of these cemeteries, until about twelve years ago Lord Londesborough (then Lord A. Conyngham) undertook, at my instigation, the examination, at which I assisted, of a considerable number of barrows in East Kent, the result of which was the discovery of many relics similar to those now before you. From that time similar investigations have been made in various parts of England.

"It is to the period previous to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons that I would assign the interments on Harnham-hill. At any rate, if they should include the remains of individuals who had received the rite of baptism, we have no means of distinguishing them. It is just possible, though I think we have no proofs whatever of the fact, that some of the bodies found here were those of individuals who had been converted to the true faith, but appearances are against such a supposition. I have hinted at the possibility of such being the case, because we find in the Capitularies of Charlemagne a mandate directing that the bodies of Christian men shall be no longer consigned to the tumuli of the Pagans, but interred within the precincts of the Church. This is a proof that the heathen mode of interment still lingered among his subjects, although this mandate would probably refer rather to the practice of his unwilling subjects—the old Saxons, than to the Franks. If anything would favour the conjecture that some of the bodies interred at Harnham were those of Christians, it is the fact that several of them were unaccompanied by any object of personal use or ornament. Several skeletons have been found without the accompanying knife or any object whatever, but nothing definite can be deduced from this:—many Pagan customs were allowed by the primitive clergy provided they were in themselves harmless. On the other hand, the laws of the Franks, the Frisians, the old Saxons, and the Wisigoths denounce with heavy penalties those who shall despoil a corpse either before or after burial—a sufficient proof that the crime was so common as to call for a specific enactment. To this cause we may, perhaps, assign the absence of relics in some of the Harnham interments.

"I have said that thousands of tumuli of the Anglo-Saxon period have been obliterated by the ploughshare and the spade: this must be manifest to any one who has perused our Anglo-Saxon charters. After the particulars of the grant is stated, we find the limits described in terms such as these (I quote from memory):—'These are the landmarks of the two hides of land given by — to —. First, from the thorn-tree down to the elder-stub, from the elder-stub along the stream to the wolf-pit, and from the wolf-pit up to the Heathen burials.' The recital of limits like these occur so often in Anglo-Saxon charters that it is very clear tumuli existed in many localities where they may now be looked for in vain. Further, the name of 'Helow' gives the name to many places in England, as Ludlow, Taplow, Winslow, Onslow, and Winterslow, near this city. In the grave-yard of Ludlow one tumulus once existed, and in that of Taplow one exists at the present time. The skulls found in the Harnham graves are of different configuration to those I have hitherto met with; but on these I forbear to offer any further remark, feeling that this part of the subject is better in the hands of the comparative anatomist and ethnologist. One fact is elicited by the excavations I have been permitted to make at Harnham-hill, a fact of great importance to the history and topography of this county. They prove to demonstration that Harnham is a village of great antiquity, and that it existed when the valley of the Avon was yet unoccupied by the busy throng that now peoples it, and the heron and the bittern found a secure retreat in its marshes. They show us that Harnham existed when the stupendous ruin hard by your

city swarmed with living men, and your glorious example of mediæval architecture, the pride and boast of the county, and indeed of all England, was yet uncreated. Let it not be said that a spirit of idle curiosity has urged us to disturb the ground where the primitive inhabitants of a forgotten lineage have slept undisturbed for twelve centuries. Their weapons, their decorations, are valueless to the idle observer, but to the archaeologist they are of great price. They afford to him a retrospect of an age that has long since passed away; they furnish fragmental evidence of what we once were; and contribute notes for a yet unwritten chapter of our history.

Among the objects of interest acquired by these explorations are a plain gold ring, exactly resembling the wedding-ring of the present day. This was found on the finger of a skeleton of a woman of advanced age. By the side of the skeleton of a young man were found the usual Anglo-Saxon knife, and—what will be an object of great interest to archaeologists—a two-pronged iron *fork*, fixed in a handle of deer's horn. It is somewhat remarkable that a silver fork of undoubted Anglo-Saxon origin was found in Wiltshire some years ago with coins of Ecgberht and Ethelstan. Some of the fibulae are of a new form and pattern, several being dish-shaped, and gilt in the inside. The other objects are rings of various patterns, tooth-picks, and ear-scoops, bronze tweezers, beads of amber, glass, and variegated vitreous pastes, umbones of shields, spear-heads, knives, buckles, clasps, combs, and other articles of personal use or ornament. The whole of this "find" will be exhibited at the first meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on the 17th November, when Mr. Akerman will read his report. Strange to say, that at the inauguration dinner of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society at Devizes, last week, no allusion was made to these discoveries!

THE ANT-EATER.

Oct. 20th.

AMONG the thousands who have seen or read about the Ant-Eater now in the Gardens of the Zoological Society, few, perhaps, are aware how much we should value the present opportunity of examining a living specimen of this singular animal, which is a great rarity even in its native country. In fact there is not a city in Brazil where it would not be considered almost as much a curiosity as it is here. In the extensive forests of the Amazon the Great Ant-Eater is perhaps as abundant as in any part of South America, yet during a residence there of more than four years I never had an opportunity of seeing one. Once only I was nearly in at the death, finding a bunch of hairs from the tail of a specimen which had been killed (and eaten) a month previous to my arrival at a village near the Cassiopare. In its native forests the creature feeds almost entirely on white ants, tearing open their nests with its powerful claws, and thrusting in its long and slender tongue, which, being probably mistaken for a worm, is immediately seized by scores of the inhabitants, who thus become an easy prey. The Indians, who also eat white ants, catch them in a somewhat similar manner, by pushing into the nest a grass-stalk, which the insects seize and hold on to most tenaciously. It may easily be conceived that such a large animal must range over a considerable extent of country to obtain a plentiful supply of such food, which circumstance, as well as its extreme shyness and timidity, causes it to be but rarely met with, and still more rarely obtained alive. Whoever is interested (and who is not?) in the wonderfully varied forms of animal life, should therefore lose no time in seeing this strangest of quadrupeds; for we can scarcely hope that it will for any long period survive the entire change of diet to which it is necessarily subjected. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Our readers will see by this communication from Mr. Wallace, whose 'Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro' are announced as being just ready for publication, that no time should be lost in seeing this remarkable quadruped, which, like the walrus, may not long be able to bear its change of habitat and diet.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

We learn with pleasure that a committee will in a few days be formed for the purpose of paying some token of respect to the memory of the French officer, Lieut. Bellot, who lost his life a few weeks since in the service of the British Arctic expedition, while conveying despatches up Wellington Channel to Sir Edward Belcher. A correspondent in 'The Times' has suggested a monument in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; but another correspondent in the same paper, with more practical and feeling views, proposes the erection of a simple monumental stone in Lieut. Bellot's native town, and the presentation of a purse of money to his afflicted family. This appears to be much the more rational and substantial mode of testifying our high appreciation of his brave and disinterested services, and we trust it will be carried out with promptness and fervent liberality.

Professor Phillips, F.R.S., the eminent geological historian of Yorkshire, and much-respected Assistant-Secretary of the British Association, has been appointed Deputy-Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford. The duties of this office, so long filled by the renowned geologist, Dr. Buckland, have been performed for some time past by the late Mr. Strickland, but the attendance of students has always been very small. Even Professor Buckland not unfrequently lectured to an audience of six or eight. It has been a disgrace of long standing in the University of Oxford that so little attention has been given to the important and, now, exact science of Geology. Professor Sedgwick has worked a reform at Cambridge, and draws together large and attentive audiences, and we doubt not that Professor Phillips, by his admirable tact and talent as a lecturer, will be listened to with interest at Oxford.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the geologist, is giving, in the 'Edinburgh Witness' newspaper, of which he is editor, the story of his early life, under the title of 'My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, the Story of my Education.' The series of papers is not yet half completed, but the work is already announced for publication in a separate volume by one of the chief houses in Boston, United States. Mr. Miller in this autobiography gives admirable sketches of Scottish scenery, life, and manners, as well as remarkable details of his personal history, in the graphic style which has placed him among the first literary as well as scientific men of the time. In some of the early chapters there are passages of minute description and far-fetched reflection, as, for instance, in the elaborate comparison of the wasp and the chariot, which it would be wise to omit when the memoir assumes the form of a book. We know how difficult it is to suppress what by an author himself is deemed an important fact or an ingenious speculation, but the judgment and taste of ordinary readers may often be wisely regarded even by men of wit and genius.

Among recent naval appointments we are glad to observe that of Captain the Hon. Joseph Denman to the command of her Majesty's steam yacht squadron, *rice* Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, lately promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Greenwich Hospital. Captain Denman is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a man of scientific and literary accomplishments. As an officer he has a high reputation, and in his command of the African squadron he exhibited great ability, tact, and energy. His evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Slave-trade greatly confirmed the determination of the British government to persevere in their attempts to put down that nefarious traffic, and to afford by their fleet the necessary protection to the efforts now making for spreading civilization and Christianity on the African continent.

The continued opposition of the Australian colonists to the reception of convicts from the mother country, has led to the commencement of the trial of some of the new schemes of secondary punishment at home. This week it has been announced that certain convicts have been let loose

from the hulks on the "ticket-of-leave" system. The only difference in their position from that of the general population, is their liability to immediate imprisonment, without trial, in case of any offence. We hope the scheme may answer, but doubt that of few it will be said or sung, as Wordsworth did of "Peter Bell"!—

"And Peter Bell, who till that night
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man."

The Edinburgh Review, the oldest of the existing quarterlies, has in its present number, the two hundredth, commenced its second half century. Jeffrey gave up the editorship after the first hundred numbers were published. His successors have been Professor Napier, Professor Empson, and Lord Monteagle temporarily, till the appointment of the present editor, under whose superintendence it promises to be conducted with judgment and vigour.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the well-known dramatic writer, appeared last Sunday in the pulpit of a chapel in Edinburgh as a preacher. For some years Mr. Knowles has devoted himself to theological studies; and while preparing for the public ministry, has on various occasions given pious and elegant expositions of sacred truths. He has been lately delivering to crowded audiences a course of lectures on "The Dogmas and Doctrines of Popery."

A model of an 'Express Ocean Steamer' is being exhibited in the Lobby at Lloyd's, which is estimated to attain a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour.

Preparations are making for the commencement of the winter musical season. The London Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. Surman, conductor, commence their subscription oratorios in November, Dr. Elvey's *festival* anthem and Handel's *Israel in Egypt* to be the first pieces. The rehearsals have this week commenced. The first of the Wednesday Evening Concerts at Exeter Hall is announced for the 26th inst., when Felicien David's descriptive ode symphony, *The Desert*, will be produced. The illustrative verses forming an important part of the work, the novelty is projected of the poem being "recited by an eminent tragedian." The orchestra, under the guidance of Mr. Benedict, will be highly effective, and arrangements have been made with the best vocalists of the day to appear in the course of the season. The Harmonic Union has also had this week the first rehearsal of Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, under the leadership of Mr. Benedict. In the provinces, Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, and other distinguished singers, are giving benefit concerts.

The Olympic Theatre was opened by Mr. Alfred Wiggin, on Monday, under extremely favourable auspices. A neat introductory extravaganza by Mr. Planché was followed by an admirable three-act drama by Mr. Tom Taylor, and the whole performance was accomplished between the rational hours of half-past seven and eleven. In the first, *The Camp at the Olympic*, a somewhat piquant review is taken of the drama of the day, in which Mrs. Stirling, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Robson, Mr. Emery, and the lessee, are the chief actors. The second piece is a story of deep interest, founded on the history of Fouché, the well known French Minister of Police, about the period of 1810, and Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Robson, Mr. Emery, and the lessee again appear in characters admirably fitted to their respective talents. The performance of Mr. Robson is one of the most perfect studies that has been seen upon the English stage for some years, and is a proof that this actor possesses talents much beyond the farcical eccentricities of burlesque. The dresses, scenery, and furniture of the stage are produced with excellent taste, not extravagantly, but liberally and correctly.

The Haymarket Theatre is to be opened on Monday, really newly decorated and with a new drop scene. The company is not very strong, nor does the first night's performance present a very legitimate aspect for our first English theatre. The

opening piece is to be a revival of Mr. Tom Parry's comedy, *A Cure for Love*, in which Mr. Buckstone will doubtless excite laughter as the disappointed lover; but what will our readers think of the after-piece, *The Beggar's Opera*, in which the swaggering *Captain Macheath* is to be performed by a young lady, and his gentle sweetheart, *Lucy*, by a lady not very young! Mr. Compton is to play out the audience in the farce of *Founded on Facts*. Mr. George Vandenhoff is announced to appear on Tuesday in *Hamlet*, and an engagement has been entered into with Miss Cushman. A new three-act comedy by Mr. Sterling Coyne is announced, which we trust will be comedy, and not extravaganza farce; and a new farce, by the best of all living farce writers, Mr. Morton, entitled *A Pretty Piece of Business*.

At Drury-lane, the short, though "long unpreceded" reign of Shakespeare, gives place on Monday to a troupe of horse-riders, but the announcement must be given verbatim to be appreciated.

"The American Equestrian Company will include Madame Pauline Newsome, the first horsewoman in world, from Francon's Cirque, Paris—Mlle. Newsome and Mlle. Ella, principal equestrians in all the American Amphitheatres—Mlle. Zamesou—Stokes' American Wonders, Ella and Leon—Mesdames Violette, Fontaine, Le Place, Guerriere, Fabian, and Lucille—The youthful Hernandez, who, for grace, agility, and fearless daring, is the very constellation in the hippodramatic hemisphere; his feats are miraculous—Eaton Stone, his first appearance in London since the Great Exhibition, in which year, at this theatre, he made so wondrous a sensation; he confronts, in a marvellous manner, the wild horse of the prairies—James Newsome, the most accomplished British horseman of the day, reflecting a glory on the sports of Old England—The Brothers Elliott, in gymnastic exercises without rival—G. Ryland, Russell, Zamesou, and Loraine, of marvellous notoriety—Arthur Barnes, the champion vaulter of all the world, who has accomplished the unprecedented feat of throwing 91 somersaults in succession—W. O. Dale, the renowned American artiste, uneclipsed in the art of vaulting, and Tom Barry, the deathless Clown; his name and fame are enough; assisted most ably by those established favourites, Doughty and Knight." With such a galaxy of doughty knights, champions, and vaulters, there will be equestrian feats and drollery in abundance for children of all ages.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—October 3rd.—E. Newman, Esq., President, in the chair. Dr. Lankester exhibited some *Aphides* taken at Newcastle, where they appeared in great numbers during the prevalence of the cholera last month. They appeared to be of more than one species, but chiefly *Aphis rumicis*, one of the commonest species, abundant everywhere on a great variety of plants, having no local connexion with Newcastle, and certainly in no way related to the appearance of the cholera. At this season of the year it was usual for the winged females to migrate in large swarms, and the moist stagnant atmosphere usually accompanying cholera would be favourable to their development and their observation. Mr. Edwin Shepherd exhibited a gynandromorphous moth, *Atcis consonaria*, the right side being female. Mr. Smith exhibited several rare Hymenoptera, captured at Southend, and *Anthophorabia retusa*, eleven days old, and alive, though reputed to endure only for fifteen or eighteen hours. Mr. Ingpen exhibited leaves of chrysanthemums in process of destruction by *Dipterous larva* mining therein, and requested any information respecting them. They appeared to be the larvae of *Tephritis*—? which insects are also destructive to celery, and on which an article by Mr. Westwood was published in the 'Gardener's Magazine' some years since. Mr. W. W. Saunders exhibited a nest of a *Xylocopa* formed in a reed, from Port Natal, and a mud-nest of *Pelopaeus*, which, however, had produced only parasitic *Cryptis*. Mr. Hemming exhibited two

new British moths taken in Sussex, *Asopia nemoralis*, Scop. and *Choreentes vibrana*, Hub. Mr. Douglas exhibited *Gelechia instabilis*, reared from larvae found in *Chenopodium maritimum* at Brighton. Mr. Stevens exhibited a collection of insects, received from Mr. Bates at Santarem, including many small new species of Coleoptera. The following papers were read: 'Description of *Lithocelis Irradiella*', by John Scott, Esq.; 'On a Parasitic (?) Moth found in the Pupa of *Lasiocampa Trifolii*', by J. Walter Lea, Esq.; 'On Bees destroyed by Toads,' and 'On *Oniscus Armatillo* and *Typhlocyba Filicium*, injurious to Ferns grown under Cover,' by the President. Read also extracts from a letter to the Secretary, by the Rev. Joseph Greene, 'On the Liability of the genus *Notodonta* to the attacks of Ichneumons, and on the Prevalence of Muscardine among Caterpillars this year, caused by the dampness of the season.'

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dresden, October 16th.
HALTING on my travels for a few days at Dresden, my steps were naturally first directed to the Picture Gallery, to see whether any change had been effected in my absence, or any new pictures added to the priceless treasures which adorn its walls. I found the rooms sadly deserted: the cold, damp, and fear of impending war, had driven most of the travelling public to their homes, and only a few voluble Frenchmen, or stalwart Britons fortified with their eternal red "Murrays," lounged through the rooms, or dozed away an hour or two on the sofa opposite the *Madonna del Sistor*. I remember many years ago Miss Sedgwick, the well-known and popular American authoress, when walking in the gardens of the Villa Reale at Naples, was importuned for alms, by one of the impudent beggars of the Chiaja, under the titles of Contessa, Eccellenza, Principessa, and when all these failed, he addressed her as "Madamma Starke, date me qualche Cosa," considering that as the highest honour short of royalty which could be given. I am sure Mr. Murray's name might be now used in the same way. One sees his red books being walked up and down every gallery in Europe, peeping out from the broken columns of some ancient temple, or grubbing away in the gloomy depths of a newly-opened tomb. And most well-deserved is their reputation; in no other works of the same compass is the same amount of varied and useful information to be obtained—information which, I may by the way add, has unwittingly or unwittingly formed the best part of many a modern book of travels. But to return to the gallery: I found an addition of sixteen new pictures had been made this summer to the collection. They had been purchased from the executors of Louis Philippe, and are all of the Spanish school; there are at yet only two out of the sixteen framed and hung in the gallery, and they are all, with the exception of one by Murillo, only valuable as specimens of a particular school. The two at present shown to the public are one by Murillo, and one by Valdes Real, a painter with whose name I am not familiar. The picture by Murillo is that of a saint in the full robes of a bishop; the colouring is very fine, and the expression of the face nobler than one generally finds in the works of Murillo, the picture is in excellent preservation, and is worth more than all the others put together. The *Dominican Monk*, by Valdes Real, which hangs as a pendant to it, is a very inferior work of art. The copiers were very busy as usual, making the most of the few days now left before the gallery will be closed. The new gallery is advancing rapidly, and confident hopes are entertained that the visitors to, and inhabitants of Dresden, may next winter (1854-55) be able to enjoy the pictures in heated rooms. In the private *ateliers* there is little as yet to see; most of the artists have been taking some relaxation after their labours, and are only now coming back from their rambles in the north, south-east, and west, having enriched their portfolios, and gathered new ideas to be worked out in the soli-

tude of the studio. Professor Bendemann had spent the whole summer in Dresden, hard at work at his frescoes in the royal palace, assisted by Professor Erhardt. These frescoes will soon now be finished, and I will then give you a more detailed and accurate account of them. Rietschel, the sculptor, has been occupied with the erection of his statue of Lessing, which was inaugurated in Brunswick with great festivities in the early part of last month. Professor Rietschel has clothed his statue in the modern costume, similar to that in his Goethe-Schiller monument, which I have previously described to you. The statue in Brunswick was cast in bronze by Howald, and placed on a pedestal of polished granite. It is now sixteen years since the subscription list to defray the expenses was first opened. Ludwig Richter is illustrating a new work called the *Goethe Album*, to be completed in twenty-five numbers; the first has just appeared; it is beautifully executed, and, when finished, this work will be one of the most interesting memorials which have as yet been given to the great German poet. Richter is one of the best illustrators of the customs and habits of the German people; he seems to forget nothing, but introduces in its appropriate place all the little traits of peasant life, the peculiarities of costume and architecture, not forgetting the dogs, cats, pots and pans, &c., which are scattered about a German farm-house kitchen. I was fortunate enough to see the first representation of Gutzkow's new tragedy of *Philip and Perez* on the Dresden stage. This is the eighteenth or twentieth of Gutzkow's dramatic works which have appeared on the German boards, and certainly the author seems to gain in elevation of ideas and strength and vigour of expression. The subject of the present drama, although taken from so hackneyed a page of history, is rendered peculiarly interesting by Gutzkow's powerful delineation of the principal characters; these were sustained by Herren Porth and Emi Devrient, Frau Bayer-Burck and Fraulein Berg. There are many passages full of the highest poetical beauty: but the extreme, and I must say unusual indistinctness in utterance of the actors, made it very difficult for Germans, and almost impossible for strangers, not to lose much of what was said. I hope another time to speak more of the individual beauties with which this last production of Gutzkow's prolific brain is said to abound. Since the work was finished last spring it has undergone repeated alteration, and as there is still considerable ponderous and unnecessary matter in it, I hope the work of pruning and clipping will not be too hastily given up.

The king of Bavaria has just presented Alexander von Humboldt with the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit of the Bavarian Crown. From Weimar we learn that the Grand Duke has given an order to the painter Moritz von Schwind to adorn the Wartburg with frescoes. Herr von Schwind is at present occupied in preparing his designs at Munich, but expects in a few days to begin his work at Eisenach. There were within the last few days two beautiful landscapes by Calame exhibiting in Munich, and drawing crowds of visitors. The fame of this industrious and talented artist is gradually making its way through Germany. Lessing having passed much of his summer studying in the Harz mountains with Klein, a brother artist, is now engaged on work ordered by the King of Prussia, the subject to be "Pope Pachalas being taken Prisoner." The Belgian artists have set up a regular picture exhibition in New York, and find it a most profitable speculation, as it is become the fashion in America to purchase works of the modern Flemish school.

VARIETIES.

Gilston House.—This fine old mansion, perhaps the purest specimen of Elizabethan architecture remaining in the county, is about to be pulled down, and, as announced by advertisement, the materials are to be sold by Messrs. Pullen and Son, the eminent London auctioneers. The hall was built by Henry Chauncey some few years subsequent to

1547, but the manor of Gilston or Gildesdon can be traced to the time of Henry III., when it was held by Robert de Roos, whose son Robert became a Knight Templar, went to Jerusalem, returned, died, and was buried in the Temple Church, in London. There is an effigy of him in Eastwick church, and a cast of it, with copy of inscription, is in the entrance-hall of Gilston House, surrounded by quaint wood carving. The manor afterwards fell to the Giffard and Brookhole families, and then into the Chauncy's: and after them to the Parkers and the Gores, and the place was in the latter part of the last century the residence of William Plumer, Esq., who represented Hertfordshire from 1784 for nearly forty years. Some time after his death, his widow, Mrs. Plumer, was married to Mr. Robert George Ward, the celebrated author of 'Tremaine,' who thence assumed the name of *Plumer Ward*. His son, Henry George Ward, was M.P. for St. Albans, and is now Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. Some four years ago the entire estate passed into the hands of Mr. Hodgson, a London merchant, who has recently erected a magnificent new house in the park, and who is also erecting new farm buildings on the estate, on a most liberal and extensive scale. On Mr. Hodgson's accession to the estate, he found that the venerable old pile had suffered so much from neglect, that a thorough reparation would be a work of very great, and indeed indefinite expense. He has, therefore, reluctantly decided on pulling it down; and Messrs. Pullen and Son, before the stroke of whose relentless hammer so many London buildings (including the Fleet Prison) have fallen, are professionally and literally to knock down Gilston Hall on the 27th inst. Meanwhile, we advise all antiquaries and lovers of good architecture to take a last look at the fine old place, with its battlemented gables, its richly-stained windows, its emblazonments, busts, and sculptured work. There is much to see and admire, and the sale will bring together a numerous gathering of *virtuosi*.—*Herts Guardian*.

Map of the Arctic Regions.—The recent researches in these parts, which the various scientific journals are now actively discussing, has been an incentive to Mr. Wyld to publish a chart, taken from the Admiralty surveys, but which he has rendered interesting as showing, by means of the colouring, those portions which it has been the fortune of the different investigators to discover, from the Rosses, Parry, Franklin, Back, &c., down to those of the latest date, Penny, Austin, Kellett, Inglefield, McClure, and Belcher.—*Builder*.

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			£	£ s. d.
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